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MAR 16 1911

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





Engine Luxury and Upholstery Luxury

Put a deep armchair on wheels behind any kind of an engine and you have "upholstery luxury" . . . Your comfort in the richly padded seat is still dependent on whether the **engine** runs quietly, smoothly and powerfully, or the reverse.

In the 4-cylinder "Autocrat" or 6-cylinder "Limited" the great **flexibility** of the motor gives a phenomenal range of speed on direct drive. This flexibility is produced by its long stroke and the large valves and manifolds.

It is the most flexible motor for its power—and the most powerful motor for its flexibility.

You slow down to a walk without shifting gears,—you spurt ahead again,—always silently, without any "choking," jerking or hesitation.

That is "engine luxury."

This motor, in a car with large wheels and tires, shock-absorbers and an admirable spring-suspension, produces the very poetry of motion.

That is **complete** luxury.

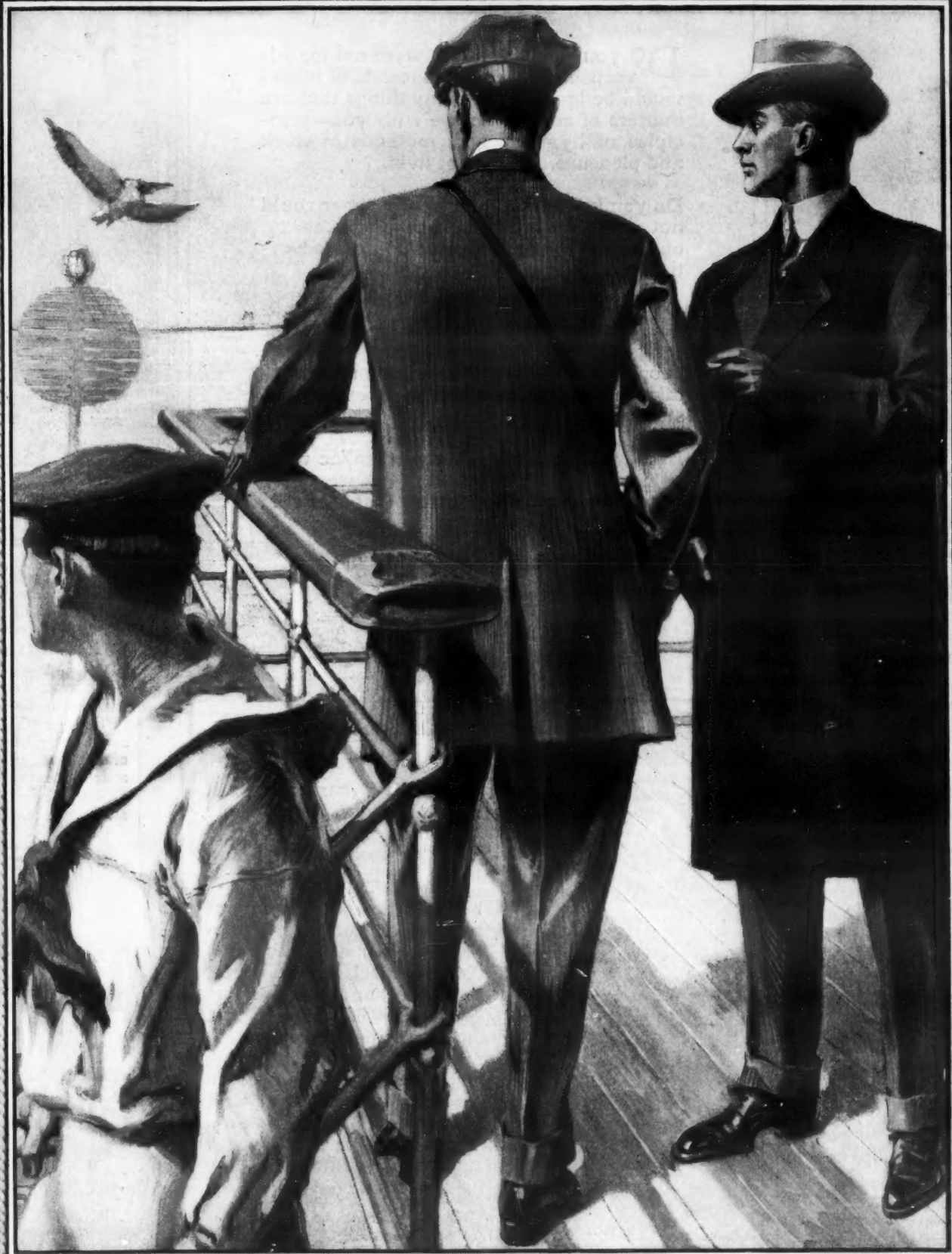
THE "SPECIAL"
4-Cylinder, \$3000

THE "AUTOCRAT"
4-Cylinder, \$3500

THE "LIMITED"
6-Cylinder, \$5000

OLDS MOTOR WORKS *Licensed under Selden Patent* **LANSING, MICH.**

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



At the Gulf entrance to Mobile Bay

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU want your clothes to be as good as they look; our name in them is your assurance of quality.

Find it when you buy clothes.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York



THE LUXURIOUS BROC ELECTRIC

Smartness and luxury supplemented by efficiency and real economy are a rather unusual combination—yet you get that combination in the Luxurious Broc.

To test the luxury you need only to glance at the graceful lines, careful finish and superb appointments, and to try the soft cushions and velvet-riding springs.

Broc economy will show with the first month's use, and continue to show. Three to seven dollars a month will furnish all current necessary to drive a four-passenger Broc every day in the month—as far and as fast as the average person desires.

Write today for the Luxurious Broc catalog, showing the six 1911 models—for two, three and four passengers; Exide or Edison batteries.

The BROC ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
1663 East Fortieth Street Cleveland



Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 10

DO you know that if it were not for advertising, you and thousands of others would be ignorant of many things that are matters of second nature with you—principles of hygiene, new methods of work and pleasure, theories of living?

Do you know that your penny paper could not exist for a moment, except as a charity, but for the revenue it receives from advertising?

Do you know that if it were not for the advertising, Collier's could not be the power for good that it is among the American people, that it could not for a month maintain on its own earnings its present high standard of literary and artistic excellence?

In view of these facts do you realize what it means for a periodical to refuse every year over \$200,000 worth of undesirable advertisements

—as Collier's does?

F. L. Patterson

Manager Advertising Department



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car.

Chalmers Talk Number Four

CHALMERS cars are built in a factory which was erected and equipped for the express purpose of building Chalmers cars.

The buildings and equipment of this factory cost more than \$3,000,000. It is a new factory. It is built of steel and concrete, to last for a long time. It has more than 750,000 square feet of manufacturing floor space. It has the most modern machinery. It employs good men to operate the machines. It has light, well ventilated, clean workrooms throughout. It is a beautiful and perfectly equipped place for men to work.

In this plant are made all such important divisions of Chalmers cars as the motors, gears, axles, steering connections, etc., as well as the smaller parts.

Chalmers cars are **manufactured** by the Chalmers Company.

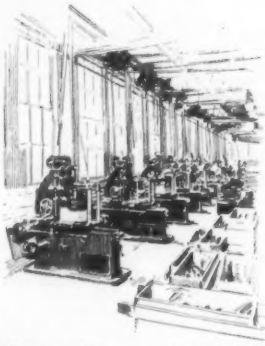
From such a factory automobile buyers naturally expect unusually good cars to come. It is a matter of some pride with us that thousands of buyers have told us they were not disappointed.

The products of this factory are on show in all leading cities of the country and Chalmers dealers are always at your service. They have one price and one service to all—the quoted price; the service which satisfies.

A hint: Chalmers cars have never been slow sellers.

Chalmers Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

Chalmers "30" \$1500
Chalmers "Forty" \$2750



Gear cutting machines in the Chalmers factory. A number of these machines, which cut spiral gears, had to be imported.



Elizabethan School Guernsey Design

Yale Hardware

The selection of hardware is an all important part of house-building.

Your house must not only be well set off by its hardware—but that hardware must be durable—never require repairs—and be at all times an item of value when you come to sell.

Good-looking hardware also suggests a good house.

To select Yale Hardware is a pleasure.

There are Yale Designs in nearly every school and period of ornament, in many finishes, and at prices to suit every purse.

Every piece of hardware we make carries the Yale Quality.

Our little book "Yale Hardware For Your Home" will be found very helpful indeed. We are always glad to send it free in response to a post card.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Makers of Yale Products
9 Murray Street, New York, U. S. A.



B-Line All-Metal Oil-Grease Guns



Answer
The "C. Q. D." of
the Motorist

USED AS AN OIL-CARRIER, The B-LINE GUN is on the spot in an emergency. Screw in the Piston-Bar; replace the metal plug by the Tip best suited to the need; lubricate. Reverse the process and back into the kit it goes, an oil-carrier once more.

Clean Hands—Clean Clothes—a Clean job done—a car made ready to proceed.

Constructed entirely of seamless brass and Bessemer steel, with pistons ground to a perfect fit, B-Line Guns never leak or get out of order.

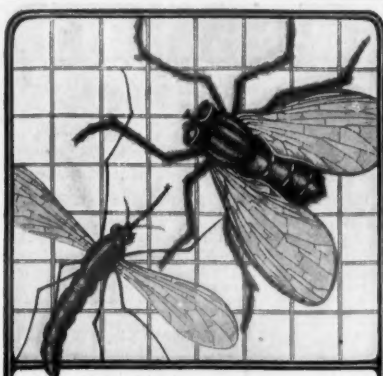
Four styles and seven sizes of the Best Oil Gun ever made.

Prices from \$1.75 to \$5.00

Order today from your dealer.
A bearing may go dry tomorrow.

THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
(The Jericho People)
BOSTON, U. S. A.

SEND FOR BOOKLET 9G



Tend to Your Screen Cloth Before Housecleaning

Don't go into another summer with worn out, rusted screen cloth. Don't waste time again this spring putting up screens that are only a sieve for disease-carrying flies and mosquitoes.

The health of your family and the sanitation of your home demand that you refit your screens with

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

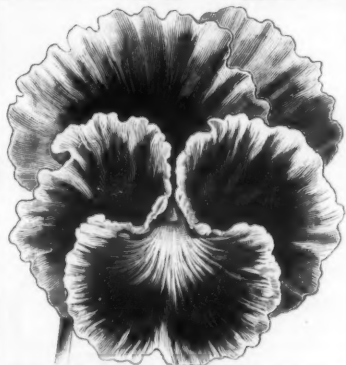
Attend to this before housecleaning time. Then your house will stay spotless all summer. Chandeliers, walls and windows will be protected against the fly pest.

This screen cloth will not rust or crack even when exposed all the year round to the weather. Salt air will not affect it. It is even proof against the corroding moist air of the canal zone where the government buildings are equipped with it. Pompeian Bronze lasts a lifetime. For it is ninety per cent pure copper and this metal is indestructible. You don't have to paint it.

Economy demands that you specify Pompeian Bronze or Golden Bronze to your architect. Instruct your carpenter to use it. It is distinguished by the removable red string in the selvage.

If your hardware dealer isn't supplied let us send you the name of the nearest one who is. Your inquiry brings booklets illustrating outdoor dining and sleeping rooms of screen cloth, porches, etc.

CLINTON WIRE CLOTH CO. Est'd 1856
65 STERLING STREET, CLINTON, MASS.



MAULE'S SEEDS

ONCE GROWN ALWAYS GROWN

Is the reason why for many years past I have done such an enormous seed business. 79,490 customers in Pennsylvania alone, with almost half a million the world over. My New Seed Book for 1911 is a wonder; contains everything in seeds, bulbs and plants worth growing. Weighs 12 ounces; 600 illustrations, 4 colored plates, 176 pages. Any gardener sending his name on a postal card can have it for the asking. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE
1707-09-11 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send 6 cents (stamps) and mention this paper and I will enclose in the catalogue a packet of seed of the above choice pansy.

Red Cedar Chest—Unique Gift

Direct From Factory



Moth-Dust-Damp-Proof Piedmont Chests are built of fragrant Southern Red Cedar. They combine beauty and usefulness. Protect furs and clothing against moths without camphor, and pay for themselves by saving cold storage expenses. We prepay freight. Write today for catalog showing many styles and prices. Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 20, Statesville, N.C.

PRINT FOR YOURSELF
Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$15. Rotary \$60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut



Collier's

Saturday, March 18, 1911



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VOLUME XLVI

NUMBER 26

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Big Ben

For that tired feeling



FOR that tired early-morning feeling and that tendency to oversleep, for that turn-over nap habit and that last-down to breakfast failing—Big Ben.

For that furnace-firing hour and that 7:00 A. M.

time-clock punch, for early round-the-house work and an always-on-time down town score—Big Ben.

For a sound unworried night and a punctual good-morning, for a watchful sleepmeter and a truthful timekeeper—Big Ben.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.

Western Clock Co., La Salle, Ill.

6 Months' Trial

The Taylor Metal Hot Water Bottle sent, prepaid, anywhere on six months' trial to prove how it stays hot all night and to show you how much better it is than the old style rubber kind.

Metal bottle
India fibre cover
Self downy cover



The Taylor Metal Hot Water Bottle is entirely different—there is nothing else like it. It is the only hot water bottle that is safe, sanitary and odorless, because it is made of pliant metal instead of rubber, for rubber, being porous, absorbs, spreads disease, rots and decays.

It is absolutely leak-proof—even with boiling water. It has nearly twice the heating surface of rubber bottles, yet requires but half as much water and retains the heat twice as long.

Taylor Metal Hot Water Bottle

Retains Heat all Night—Guaranteed for 5 Years

Taylor's Metal Hot Water Bottle is light in weight and being thin and flat, it will slip around and under all parts of the body with ease and comfort. It is guaranteed for five years—the only water bottle that can be guaranteed. Each bottle has two covers—one of India fibre to help retain the heat and the outside cover, that touches the body, is a soft, downy material. Note the picture.

Physicians Recommend It Hospitals Use and Endorse It

The superiority of Taylor's Metal Hot Water Bottle over the leaky, unsanitary, rubber kinds is established. We have hundreds of letters from physicians and hospitals all over the country praising it and advocating its use to people who are particular in the sick room. It can also be used for a warmer in the carriage, motor car, or baby's cart.

Write for 6 Months' Trial Offer and Special Introductory Price

Send today for our 6 months' trial offer and prove in your own home the merits of the Taylor Metal Hot Water Bottle—keep it only if you are satisfied. At our special introductory price it will soon pay for itself by outlasting many rubber bottles. Write to-night—sure for trial offer and special price.

Franklin Taylor Co., Dept. 13, Janesville, Wis.



Its Effect

is delightful, its whitening of the teeth is marvelous. The sense of cleanliness and sweetness that Calox brings is wonderful and above all it wards off decay and purifies the whole mouth.

No other dentifrice contains this oxygen. No other dentifrice can do for you what Calox does. Try it at our expense.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

All Druggists 25c

Ask for the

Calox Tooth Brush 35c.

McKESSON & ROBBINS

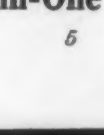
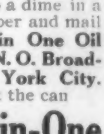
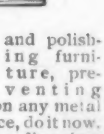
NEW YORK



AGOOD OIL CAN

filled with that famous 3-in-One oil for only 10c. This special offer covers a limited number of cans and is solely to introduce 3-in-One to new people.

The can or the oil alone is worth 10c. If you have never tried 3-in-One for lubricating any mechanism, cleaning



and polishing furniture, preventing rust on any metal surface, do it now. Wrap a dime in a piece of paper and mail to Three in One Oil Co., 42 A. N. O. Broadway, New York City.

By return you get the can

Full of 3-in-One

CHICAGO, ILL.
Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore.
Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System;
430 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. booklet on request.

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Band Instruments
We supply the U. S. Government
Get our low prices. Write
for big, new 125 page illustrated
catalog. Easy Payments.
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
163 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 295 Wash Ave., Chicago

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If you are an "A" No. 1 salesman qualified to take charge large territory, handle District Managers, appoint collectors, here is **OPPORTUNITY**.
The Holiday "Business" file all sewing machines. Sew books, eyes and buttons on all materials twenty times quicker than old method. Railway new-patented—so useful it sells five times in a family. We want representation everywhere—men (and women) of right timber for State Managers; also for District Managers and solicitors. If you are qualified, write quick, giving experience and references.
DETROIT-DELAWARE MFG. CO.
Dept. 30, 409-410 Hammond Building, Detroit, Michigan

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Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and What To Invent with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes offered for inventions sent free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

POULTRY AND GARDEN
LIFE PRODUCERS
SUCCESSFUL INCUBATORS
LIFE PRESERVERS
SUCCESSFUL BROODERS

Get our Price and Free Book.
The only machines that rival the mother hen. Sold on a Direct-to-You Factory Basis. Write a postal today for Free Catalogue. **DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., 513 Second Street, Des Moines, Ia.**

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder
Freight Paid East of Both for \$10.
Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed.
Write a postal today for Free Catalogue.
WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 112, Racine, Wis.

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices
All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Eggs and incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Freeport, Ill.

Produce All the Honey You Want for Your Home
Keep enough bees to supply your own table. Read about beekeeping in "Gleanings in Europe"—6 months' trial subscription 25c. Book on Bees and supply catalog, free.
THE A. I. ROOT CO., Box 77, Medina, Ohio

Greider's Fine Catalogue
of purebred poultry, for 1911, over 500 pages, 57 large colored pictures of fowls, calendar for each month, illustrations, descriptions, photos, incubators, brooders, information, and all details concerning the business, where and how to buy fine poultry, eggs for hatching, supplies, etc., at lowest cost, in fact the greatest poultry catalog ever published. Send 10c for this handsome book.
B. H. GREIDER, Box 14, Rheims, Pa.

48 BREEDS
Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4 cents for the 100-page 17th Annual Poultry Book.
R. F. NEUBERT, Box 782, Mankato, Minn.

MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS
FOY'S BIG BOOK tells how to start small and grow big. Describes World's Largest Purebred Poultry Farm; gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed 4c. In stamps.
P. FOY, Box 24, DES MOINES, IOWA

Poultry
47 leading varieties Pure Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys; also Holstein Cattle—prize winners. Oldest poultry farm in northwest. Stock, eggs and incubators at low prices. Send 4 cents for catalogue.
LARKIN & HERZBERG, Box 12, Mankato, Minn.

TO POULTRYMEN 90 Days' Trial On Queen Incubators
Improved 1911 model on make-good plan. Send for the free book and see offer. Big money making on little capital. Interests business men, farmers, women and children. Address **WICKSTROM, QUEEN INCUBATOR MAN, Box 55, Lincoln, Neb.**

FISH BITE like hungry wolves and fill your basket
If you use **MAGIO-FISH-LURE**. Beat fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.
J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 57, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Bridge Don'ts"
For Bridge Players
A handy little book by Walter Camp, gives in condensed form for busy people the essential points they ought to know. Attractive as it is useful. Send copies to your friends, 35 cents, by mail 38 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
430 West 13th St. New York City

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

REAL ESTATE

CALIFORNIA
ORANGE, ALFALFA, VINEYARD AND fruit crops in this San Joaquin Valley, California. Unequaled soil, abundant water. 800 an acre and up. Make you independent in a few years. Booklet "The San Joaquin Valley" and six months' subscription to our journal "The Earth," free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1131, Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MAINE
FOR INFORMATION ON OCEAN SHORE lots, or tracts of 10 to 100 acres, in Boothbay, Boothbay Harbor, Southport and Bristol, write G. B. Kenniston, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

VIRGINIA
CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS ALONG THE Chesapeake & Ohio Railway as low as \$15 per acre; rich soil; mild winters; nearby Eastern markets. For handsomely illustrated booklet, "Country Life in Virginia" and low twice a month excursion rates, address K. T. Crawley, Indus. Agt., C. & O. Ry., Box T. X., Richmond, Va.

FERTILE VIRGINIA FARMS AND FRUIT lands \$15.00 per acre and up. Fine climate, water, soil, markets and neighbors. Send for beautiful illustrated Booklets, Farm lists, rates. Address F. H. LaBonne, Agr'l Agt., Norfolk & Western Ry., Box 2077, Roanoke, Va.

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LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED. I pay more than companies' cash or loan values for deferred dividend policies before maturity. Lapsed policies a so purchased. Get my figures. W. D. Long, Charlotte, N.C.

SWITCHBOARD: NO CORDS, RACK; NO rewiring. No patents will be applied for until sold on a cash basis. Write for complete information. W. C. Smith, 812 Central Building, Seattle, Wash.

BRANCH MANAGER, MAN OR WOMAN, every section, for a business you can conduct from your own home. No canvassing. Catalogues used on high class articles. Big profit with small outlay. One young married couple cleared up a handsome sum in two months. We furnish everything, outfit, ten catalogues, full particulars, etc., for 10 cents in stamps to pay postage, etc. The Ybrad Co., 412 Cortlandt Building, New York City.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

SALESMEN FOR MY SPARK MOTOR GOODS and novelties, gas and pocket lighters, etc. A. F. Hovelt, Manufacturer and Importer, 422 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

WANTED, SALESMEN. SOME TERRITORY through the Central & Western States. Bond will be required. Strubler Computing Scale Company, Elkhart, Ind.

CHANCE FOR YOUNG MAN TO GET INTO business—operate and sell our five kinds of vending machines under exclusive rights. Must have about \$2500 capital to pay us monthly for sales made. Ask for our system. McLaughlin Mfg. Co., 705 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

A PERMANENT CONNECTION WITH BIG pay awaits one responsible man in your section—following up leads and filling orders for fastest selling vacuum cleaner made. Send postal for special offer today. Sales Dept., Hercules Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED: LIVE WIRE REPRESENTATIVES for high-grade patented article. Splendid specialty. Also standard seller to barbers, hotels, hairdressers and best homes. Write for complete offer. Give full particulars first letter, stating territory desired. Sanitax Co., 2337 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL EXCLUSIVELY or as a side line, a strictly high class, staple article, to drug, hardware, lumber and paint trade. Cash commission paid each week. Sales ability and energetic work only requirements. Address—Sales Manager, 12th & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN MAKING SMALL TOWNS. JUST what you want for pocket side line, consigned goods, new, snappy, catchy. Quick shipments, prompt commissions. Send for order book. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

WE GUARANTEE YOU AN INCOME. Liberal, new form, low cost policy guarantees an income to men or women, all occupations, ages 16 to 70 years, of \$25 weekly for sickness or injuries, \$5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$3000 Accidental Death, \$15 weekly income. Annual cost \$5. German Commercial Accident Co., Registration Dept., 131 La Salle St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED TO REPRESENT THE greatest subscription success in America. "The Harvard Classics" (Doctor Eliot's Famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books) on an entirely new plan of introduction. The "National Edition" is ready at a Price that Will Sweep the Country. Salesmen having had experience in de luxe and popular publications, advertising, newspaper work and other high-class specialties are invited to make application. Only men who can earn at least \$50 a week will be considered in assigning territory. M. Walter Dunne, Manager Sales Organization, The Harvard Classics, 420 West Thirtieth Street, New York City.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES RESHARPENED, 30c the dozen. Send no money until returned and found "Good as New, Many Say Better." Send us your address today for easy mailing jacket. Keenedge Co., 239 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago; 169 Congress St., Boston.

WANTED—MEN TO LEARN THE BARBER trade. Commission paid for sending students. Our method of free clinic and instructions by charts and diagrams saves time. Positions waiting. Barbers earn big money. Particulars free. Write. Dept. C, Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, Ill.

MOTOR CYCLES

MOTORCYCLES—1911 M.M. TOURING model. Has more actual features than all others. Idle, free engine, roller bearings, etc. Agents wanted. American Cycle Company, Brockton, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

PORTRAITURE TAUGHT IN 25 SIMPLE LESSONS. Full-time or part-time. Booklet telling all about it sent free. Drop me a postal. L. T. Kunde, Headmaster, Kundo School of Portraiture, Dept. F, Cawker Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND HAS PRODUCED A greater number of expert shorthand writers than have been produced by any 300 schools in the last six years. The champion shorthand writer of the world writes Success Shorthand. A complete course for Stenographers and beginners. Catalogue free. Suite 73, 79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FILMS DEVELOPED, 10c PER ROLL: ALL sizes. Velox Prints, Brownies, 3c; 3 1/2x5 1/2, 3 1/2x4 1/2, 4c; 4x5, 3A, 5c. Send 2 negatives, we will print them free as sample of our work; we are specialists, and give you better results than you ever had. Cole & Co., Aubury Park, N. J.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

AGENTS WANTED

GET WISE—REPRESENT MANUFACTURE direct. Modern Self-Heating Irons and other specialties. 100% profit. 10c brings sample. Write at once for Catalogue "C." Modern Specialties Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

STAPLE ARTICLES ON WOMEN'S WEAR, good profit—sell on sight. Refund on samples if not successful. The Rosalind Company, Suite 21Q, 1181 Broadway, New York.

LIVE AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY EVERY day taking orders for our made-to-order-measure tailored garments. Old reliable house. We furnish you samples, order blanks, etc., and full instructions upon request. No capital required. Drop us a postal today. Boston Tailoring Co., 371 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ACTIVE MEN OR WOMEN TO WORK IN-dividually or organize and sell selling creases on patented gas cooking appliance. Saves fifty per cent. Exclusive territory and 100% profit. A. C. Decker, Sales Manager, 37 East 28th Street, New York City.

PHOTO PILLOW TOPS, PORTRAITS, FRAMES. Sheet Pictures, Photo China Plates at very low prices. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments. Samples, catalogue free. 30 days' credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk 14B, Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN—IF YOU WANT WORK, sell guaranteed hosiery to wear. Big commissions; unusual opportunity; experience unnecessary. Address International Mills, 3833 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS! PORTRAITS, 35c; FRAMES, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples free and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 4023, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

LIVE WIRE SALESMEN, SELL OUR OWN make brushes for every household use. Write for particulars, territory and the eight advantages of our proposition. 125% profit. Capitol Brush Co., Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY. BIG PAY, NO experience, no capital required. 5000 new art specialties, photo pillow tops 25c, portraits 30c, bromides 25c. New 1911 Catalog and samples free. Write. Daniel H. Ritter Co., Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES MAKE BIG MONEY selling a household proposal which appeals at once to housewives and sells on sight. Join our hustling, energetic money making staff, remarkable money back offer to agents. Write for proposition today. Insulated Co., Box C, Westbrook, Maine.

YOU CAN BUY A STYLISH, 1911 MADE-to-measure suit from us at wholesale price. Act as our agent in your locality and double your income. You don't have to be a salesman to sell our clothes. Show our samples and styles to your friends and they will buy. Write today for outfit containing 60 beautiful samples. Don't delay or someone else will take advantage of this great opportunity. American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 507, Chicago, Ill.

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WOMEN AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to sell imported hand embroidered waists and dress patterns, Irish crochet laces. Big commission. Steady work. Write for catalogue. Beiler Bros., Dept. B, 35 E. W. N. Y. C.

LADY AGENTS WE HAVE ONE OF THE finest toilet preparations on the market for agents going into the home. A sale means a re-order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for full particulars. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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WHITE DRESSES—CHILDREN'S, MISSES', ladies'; from 4 years old to 40 bust. Confirmation, graduation, wedding and party frocks (lined, silk or cotton, also unlined). Marquise, Organdy, Lawn, Linen, White and Printed Net. Send for style and price book, season 1911. Selden-Robinson Co., 425 West 160th St., New York City, N. Y.

PIANOS

KRAKAUER PIANOS—IT IS A COMBINATION of refinement and power of tone that impels the musically inclined to select the Krakauer in preference to all other pianos; and it is the retention of these qualities that makes a Krakauer owner forever proud of his piano. Investigate the Krakauer if you want to make every dollar count. Art catalog free. Easy terms. Krakauer Bros., 201 Cypress Ave., New York.

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WRITE YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL FOR our new 1911 book on Poultry Raising—just out. Nothing published like it—larger and better than last year. Full of practical hints—how to breed, feed and rear. Tells how leaders succeed—which breeds lay and pay best—gives plans for poultry houses—how to build brooder out of old piano box, etc. Describes the famous Prairie State Incubator and Brooders. Worth dollars free for writing. Prairie State Incubator Co., 431 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

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FREE BOOKLET ON SAFE 6% MORTGAGES. Our first mortgages are on farms in Central Oklahoma, the meeting point of the corn and cotton belts. We have placed over a million dollars in loans in this field and not one of our investors has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest. Send for this free booklet which will make clear in your mind the absolute and positive safety of these loans. Conservative Loan & Abstract Co., Shawnee, Okla.

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FREE SAMPLE GOES WITH FIRST LETTER. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders \$1.00 to \$10.00. Nice pleasant business. Write at once. Metallic Sign Co., 433 N. Clark, Chicago.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND WE WILL MAIL our catalog of 750 quick-sellers. Over 3500 articles illustrated in our 4 free catalogues. \$500.00 prize contest this month. A. W. Holmes & Co., Dept. 7, Providence, R. I.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED—HUSTLERS TO handle our attractive 1911 Combination Packages of Soap and Toilet articles with valuable premiums. I manufacture my own goods and that's why you undersell anyone from 25% to 50%, and still you make for yourself 100% to 300% profit. Write to-day. Davis Soap Works, 210 Davis Bldg., 1429 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL or local agent. Household necessities that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. P. & Co., 72 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

DO YOU LACK COLLEGE FUNDS? HAMPTON Magazine will help you realize your cherished ambition. Big Money-Making Opportunity. Ask for "Subscription Salary Plan." Address "College Fund," Hampton Magazine, 12 W. 34th St., N. Y.

IF YOU CAN READ AND WRITE AND ARE willing to try, we will teach, train and equip you to be a top-notch, scientific salesman, a splendid position with us is then yours; no previous experience necessary. We want "I Can" and "I Will" men for our permanent sales force. This is an opening for the man who wants to be a Real salesman, with exceptional money-making opportunities. If you believe in doing business on a "100 per cent honesty basis," if you want "success," if your wishbone is not where your backbone ought to be, write us today for particulars. Stace, Burroughs & Co. (manufacturers representative), 310 Michigan Ave., Offices, 744, Chicago.

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FACTS, ARGUMENTS, BRIEFS FOR DEBATES, outlines, literary, historical and scientific material for club papers, orations, and essays. Criticism and revision of MSS. Expert service. Authors' Agency, 153 Lenox Ave., New York.

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STAMPS FROM EVERY COUNTRY IN THE world sent on approval. Philatelic Lessons by mail. Prospectus free. New England Stamp Company, 4 Washington Building, Boston, Mass.

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HANDBOOK FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS free. Collier's handbook for Classified Advertisers contains helpful suggestions on Writing Copy and Following Matter, on Judging Results, on Gaining the Confidence of the Public, on Agencies, on Service Departments, and on other points of vital interest to the novice and the veteran. While published to promote Collier's Classified Columns, it is absolutely non-partisan except where it is frankly advertising. Sent free to any interested Classified Advertiser on request. Collier's Classified Columns, 416 W. 13th Street, New York.

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Our Graduates Are
Filling High Salaried Positions
LARGE SALARIES EARNED
in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual
Instruction. Expert Instructors. Superior
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Financial Returns Certain

12 Separate, Complete Art Courses
For pecuniary profit, or pleasure only, as desired.
FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT of fine instru-
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Prepared for the bar. Three
Courses: College, Post-
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Nineteenth year. Classes
enable you in a few months to hold po-
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BIG PAY
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A trade that will make you independent for
hours shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand
greater than most any trade. You need no
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enable you in a few months to hold po-
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ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL
4445 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Learn Telegraphy
MORSE and WIRELESS
At My Practical School. Demand for operators
greater than supply. We also teach Station Agency
Work. Graduates assisted. We occupy our own 2
large modern buildings equipped with R. R. Dis-
patchers and Western Union Wire and Wireless
Station. Endorsed by Railroad, Wireless
and Western Union Officials. Exclusive
Methods. Teachers are practical experts. Living
expenses earned. Easy payments. Catalogs Free.
41 CHURCH ST., BOSTON, MASS. (Established 1874)
416 St. Valparaiso, Ind.

New York Electrical School
Offers to men and boys a theoretical and practical
course in applied electricity without limit as to time.
Instruction individual, day and night school, equip-
ment complete and up-to-date. Students learn by
doing, and by practical application are fitted to enter
all fields of electrical industry fully qualified. School
open all year. Write for free prospectus.
29 West Seventeenth Street NEW YORK

WHITE VALLEY GEMS
See Them BEFORE Paying
These Gems are chemical white
sapphires. Can't be told from
diamonds except by an expert.
Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So
hard they can't be filed and will cut
glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years.
All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will
stand any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges
paid—no money in advance. Write for Free
Illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.
WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 754 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT
Save \$25 to \$50 on any make of Typewriter. Our
"Factory Rebuilt" Typewriters are
perfect in quality, condition and looks. Durable and reliable
in construction and serviceable in every way. Buy from the
largest factory in the world with branch stores in leading cities.
We guarantee for one year against defect in workman-
ship and material. Write for catalogue and address
of nearest branch office.
American Writing Machine Co.
345 Broadway, New York

THE "BEST LIGHT"
Gives 500 candle power. Casts no shadow.
Costs 2 cents per week. Makes and burns
its own gas. Over 200 styles. Every lamp
warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease.
Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

MAKES BOATS HUSTLE
"Perfection" Marine Engine stands up under
all work, lasting, trying and the like, tests as
well as the best test and needs little attention
and good flow of gasoline and a good spark.
PERFECTION Marine Motor
See everywhere or in purchase in prof-
ession to all others. We build 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
and 8 H.P. In the single cylinder engine; also
the 10 H.P. In the two, three and four cylinder
engines. Prices range from \$40 to \$400 accord-
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Perfection Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

MOTORS AND LAUNCHES
Catalog M Free of Motors
Catalog B Free of Boats
Engines from 2 to 40 H.P.
IN STOCK. PALMER BROS.
Cos. CONN.

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, March 18, 1911

Next Week the Household and Fiction Number

For April will contain:

Intelligent Home-Making

By SARAH COMSTOCK

¶ This article shows that woman, no longer the slave to household drudgery that her grandmother was, is, however, none the less loyal to her home. The study of domestic science which is now possible to every woman through clubs, schools, colleges, magazines, and the Government, has resulted in a great movement toward enlightened home-making with a minimum of labor.

The Glad-Happy Joss

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Illustrated by Frederick C. Yohn

¶ In another of the series of stories concerning the doings of Shorty and Patrick, now chief petty officers of the battleship Oklahoma, is related the dilemma of Mr. Mince, a certain Navy paymaster in the Far East who had the misfortune to incur Shorty's wrath. The story of the humiliation of the paymaster by Shorty and Patrick with the aid of the Glad-Happy Joss reintroduces some old friends to the readers of Collier's.

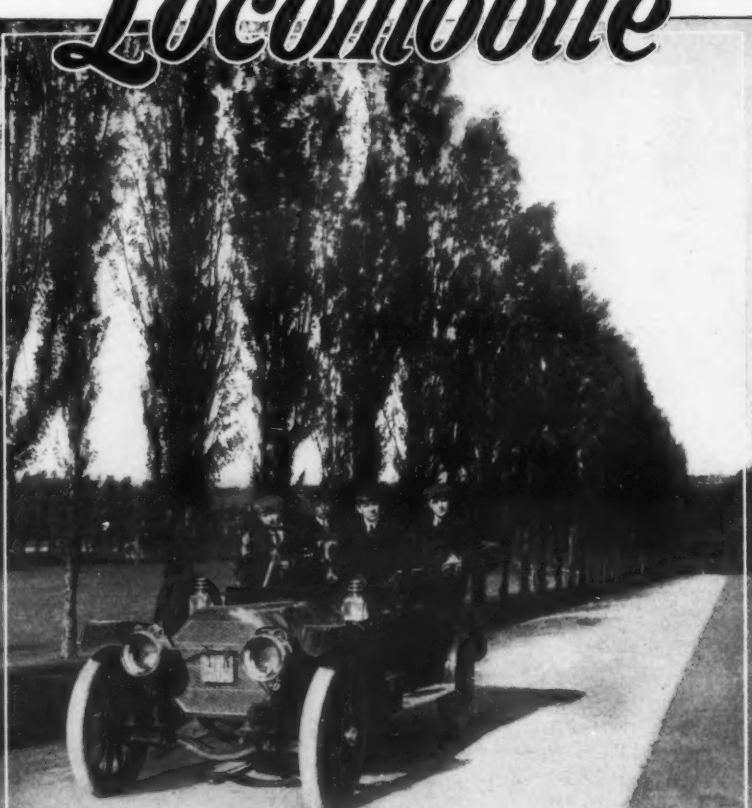
Tuvana

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by W. M. Berger

¶ This is another Harvest Moon story in which Mr. Forman tells of the visit of Hayes's brother and sister to his grave in Tuvana. They meet the native girl who had loved Hayes and who had secured the Harvest Moon, as the great pearl was called, which had caused him so much misfortune. It is obtained by his brother, and again possession brings calamity to its owner.

Locomobile



THE "30" TOURING CAR

High Tension Ignition • Shaft Drive • Four Speeds
Four Door Bodies and Demountable Rims on all 1911 Models
The "30" Four Cylinders "3500"—The "48" Six Cylinders "4800"
Prices include Tops and Demountable Rims. Complete information on request.

The Locomobile Company of America
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Chicago, Washington, San Francisco

Rémoh Gems

Not Imitations
The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—will cut glass. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free for the asking. Address—

Rémoh Jewelry Co.
543 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

"KOH-I-NOOR" Pencils

Famous wherever Pencils are used.
10 cents each, \$1.00 a dozen
Made in Austria.
Sold and used everywhere.
L. & C. HARDTMUTH
34 East 23d Street New York

Instruction Book

And Wood Finishing Samples **FREE**
Here's the best book ever published on artistic wood finishing, the work of famous experts, illustrated in 5 colors. For a limited time only we will mail it free and pay postage to anyone interested in the latest and most artistic way of re-finishing old furniture, wood-work and floors. We have sent a liberal supply of free samples of

Johnson's Wood Dye
and Under-lac (both in one bottle and various) to all the leading dealers who handle paint for your use. If your dealer hasn't samples send us his name and we will mail them to you FREE. S. C. Johnson & Son Racine, Wis. "The Wood Finishing Authorities"

UTICA PLIERS

No. 700 HOUSEHOLD PLIER
If you have never used UTICA PLIERS you have no idea how many things you can do better with a perfectly designed, perfectly made plier. Ask your Hardware or Electrical Supply Dealer—accept no substitute—get your money's worth.
Printed Matter on Request.
Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co.
Utica, N. Y.

"AMERICA" Bicycles!

Guaranteed 10 Years!
Also New Special Free Trial!
The double-strength "America Truss Frame Bicycle" and "America Coaster-Brake Diamond Flyer" are guaranteed twice as long as any other wheels because they are built twice as good! No other bicycle can be guaranteed 10 years. "America" Bicycles are insured! (See catalog.)
Manufacturer's Factory-to-Rider Prices!
To introduce the "America" in certain portions, we are selling direct to riders. DEDUCTING ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS: You don't pay a penny if, after 30 days, your satisfaction. Factory prices mean the BIGGEST-VALUE BICYCLE in the world at LESS COST than other wheels! "America" Bicycles come fully equipped—NO EXTRAS TO BUY! A postal or letter brings you special offers and catalog by return mail. That PENNY SAVES YOU DOLLARS on your wheel. Write today to
AMERICA CYCLE MFG. CO., Dept. 107
319 Michigan Ave. (The Old-Reliable Bicycle House) Chicago, Ill.

Andrews Locomotive Steel Boiler

Heats Whole House in 20 Minutes
Saves \$30 to \$200 yearly in fuel. Burns all grades of coal. Easy to Clean. Long life travel and close contact of fire and water enable it to heat up quicker than any other boiler. Sold on 30 Days' Free Trial—Guaranteed by Bond. Don't buy any boiler until you get Andrews' Big Book on Heating—FREE.
Andrews Heating Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



"Then You'll Remember Me"

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

March 18, 1911

The Wool Trust and Collier's

FREE OPINION is supposed to be the basis of self-government. Our series on newspapers has for one of its objects the discovery of just to what extent the press is free. In this issue Mr. IRWIN treats the question, "What is news?" which, on another page, various editors also discuss. The fact that the Wool Trust suppresses opinion by the force of its advertisements seems to us news. It is contemporary information of interest and importance. We now print the news of the attempt to control COLLIER'S, and we have further information which at present we do not choose to print.

MARK SULLIVAN, in his conduct of the department called "Comment on Congress," has achieved a hitherto unaccomplished feat. The city of Washington reeks with society glamour, money prestige, special favors, ignorance of common life, and indifference to the common man. The journalist who can tell the whole truth about Congress must be above the lure of gold and the glitter of social favor. He must see the hidden springs and obtain the inside news without paying with his soul. MARK SULLIVAN'S mind is beyond the contagion of wealth or flattery. He fears not social, political, or business punishment. Only for these reasons has he been able to describe to our readers what actually is done by Senators, Representatives, and members of the Administration, and by the greater powers by which too often these are ruled. If we told Mr. SULLIVAN to be guided, in his treatment of Schedule K, by advertisements of the American Woolen Company, he would refuse to work for COLLIER'S. If he were a man who would accept such guidance, we should refuse to have him on our staff. Mr. WOOD wishes us to practise the principle of deference to a powerful advertiser. We know nothing whatever about any arrangement between him and any other periodical beyond what appears in his letter, but every newspaper must work out its own destiny for itself.

This attempt of the wool manufacturers to prevent the press from telling the truth about a necessity of daily life, affecting the struggles and the happiness of the poorest citizen, is a wide and calculated policy, with especial bearing on the Congress soon in session. Our office does not check every medium, but does check the principal national periodicals. Those lately used by the American Woolen Company are:

COLLIER'S	Woman's Home Companion	Review of Reviews
Sal. Ev'g Post	Monthly Style Book	Harper's Monthly
Outlook	Good Housekeeping	Success
McClure's	World's Work	Ladies' Home Journal
Scribner's	Munsey's	Everybody's
Century	Cosmopolitan	Hampton's

The American Woolen Company had done none of this advertising since June, 1907, until the present campaign started in. This advertising appropriation of the American Woolen Company was not made for the purpose of selling goods.

The time may come when the Wool Trust, or some other trust, is able to put COLLIER'S out of business, but the time has not come yet.

Good-By

WHAT WE THINK of the new Secretary of the Interior is stated on another page. In this paragraph we say good-by to RICHARD ACHILLES BALLINGER. We wish him health and prosperity. He has a wife and children; friends also who have suffered with him; after the long and bitter controversy justice has been won; the time is here for human tolerance. For Mr. BALLINGER may the best of life be yet to come. He has ceased to be a misplaced official, and become a single human being, needing help and mercy like the rest.

Dramatic Ideals

ORDINARY MANAGERS, conducting the theatrical art necessarily for a profit, have a much larger percentage of failures than in its first two years The New Theater has had. With "Strife," "The Nigger," "The Thunderbolt," "Nobody's Daughter," "Sister Beatrice," "Don," "The Blue Bird," and "The Piper" among its new plays, "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale," and "The School for Scandal" among its revivals, and ensemble acting much above that of almost all of our leading English-speaking companies, the experiment ought to be looked upon as encouraging. Certain errors have been discovered, most expensive among them being the size of the building, the bad acoustics, and the number of boxes. The "guest" system is correct in principle, as the experience of Germany has shown, but this season

it was unfortunately applied. To build up the famous theaters of Germany, Austria, and Paris many years of patience were required, and we have seen in America that music can be put on a high plane by the right assistance sufficiently long continued. The New Theater has already exercised a stimulating influence on outside managers and on the ambitions of actors and playwrights. It has helped the public to realize that ideal standards can be applied to drama, and the theater made a place where our children and ourselves can breathe the higher air of stage literature, gracefully and powerfully and consecutively presented. The American business men who have enabled not only opera, but symphony orchestras, to win their way through their early struggles have enough understanding, enough pride, and enough faith to do a similar service for the stage.

Merriam

CHICAGO PROPERLY DIVIDES the stage with the special session. The government of our great cities is one of our most interesting failures. Just now small cities are passing over rapidly to the commission plan. What ought New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Denver, and such towns to do? The Republican voters of Chicago have had the intelligence to put forward for mayor a man with an exceptional grasp of such problems on their theoretical side, combined with a practical gift already proved while he was alderman and during the recent primary campaign, in which, unassisted by any machine, he won as many votes as all the other candidates combined. BUSSE, city boss, opposed him; Senator LORIMER's Federal organization did the same; DENEEN, Governor and State boss, at the last moment ran a candidate against him. Without a direct primary MERRIAM would have had as much chance of being mayor as ROBERT J. COLLIER has of being a member of the Cabinet. Being permitted, through the direct primary, to get at the matter for themselves, the Republicans of Chicago selected a young man, representing new ideas; shrewd, fearless, well-informed; a candidate who would be difficult to equal in any city in the land. The Hearst choice, Former Mayor HARRISON, beat out Former Mayor DUNNE by a very small margin. HARRISON, peculiarly honest himself, and free from corporation domination, is an old-school politician, good to the boys, winking at police corruption, satisfied with the spoils system, without interest in administrative efficiency, lenient to the vice trust. He polled an enormous vote in the famous First, probably the toughest ward in the United States, conducted by the well-known statesmen, HINKY-DINK and Bathhouse JOHN. MERRIAM, whether on April 4 he overcomes last fall's Democratic tidal wave or not, represents brilliantly and encouragingly the better future. At the primaries, relying on truth alone, he beat the machine candidate, THOMPSON, in his own ward; swept Senator LORIMER's own ward also; and carried Governor DENEEN's home precinct. If the whole city does as well on April 4 as the Republican voters did at the primaries, Chicago will enter upon a four years' administration that will arouse interest from California to Maine.

Both Sides

DOWN IN TEXAS, in Fort Worth, is a newspaper which, like other papers elsewhere, is troubled by what it deems unfairness to the railroads in the recent rate controversy which the Interstate Commerce Commission settled in accordance with the views of those who thought the railroads had not made out their case. The "Star-Telegram" says:

What chance, then, have the railroads had to establish their case if the full and frank statements made by President RIPLEY and others for the roads are to be passed up, and men like BRANDEIS and EMERSON and papers like COLLIER'S left to judge the matter and keep up a continual string of intimations, in advance of the decision, that public opinion demands but one verdict, and that adverse to the carriers on every point?

If the railroads had not had a sufficient hearing, we should share the feeling expressed by the Texas newspaper, but we believe it to be wrong in its facts. Not only did the roads have repeated invitations to put in everything before the Commission, but all those papers in the country which are controlled by the larger interests (and they are many) were aggressive on the railroad side; many newspapers which are perfectly honest, but temperamentally conservative, were also active; a certain number of the railroad employees were successfully stirred up to come out in favor of the raise; and the roads used a powerful weapon when they and the financial interests allied to them uttered threats of hard

times and panics. Indeed, all the circumstances except the truth were on their side, and consequently predictions were confident in Wall Street, up to the very moment of the decision, that the roads would win. When the decision was rendered the market adjusted itself at once, and some of the leading roads gave notice that their conduct with regard to extensions and improvements would be in no way affected.

Well Done

TO THE MEMBERS of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Hon. FRANKLIN K. LANE of California, the Hon. CHARLES A. PROUTY of Vermont, the Hon. BALTHASAR H. MEYER of Wisconsin, the Hon. JUDSON C. CLEMENTS of Georgia, the Hon. C. C. MCCORD of Kentucky, the Hon. EDGAR E. CLARK of Iowa, the Hon. JAMES S. HARLAN of Illinois, we tender hearty and most genuine congratulations. The reasons which they gave for their decision against increased taxation through higher freight rates dealt directly with those fundamental economic laws which underlie the science of government. The tribunal held rigidly to those laws. Their reasons contain more of statesmanship than any other document that has come out of Washington in recent years. It is not improbable that the historian of the future may place his finger upon this decision as the point at which the nation departed from a ten years' course of commercial and financial kite-flying and entered those paths of sound conduct which ultimately will save it from a period of economic distress and social maladjustment. Let the Commission be encouraged, not disconsolate, over the wailing jeremiad of the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle," that venerable court circular of Mr. MORGAN and his retinue:

Fair treatment of the roads under such circumstances, at a time of great public agitation and heated controversy, as has existed during the last ten months, was out of the question.

Always those pregnant hinges creak! Mr. MORGAN and his following, however, are not the whole of the financial community; they have abandoned their ancient function of merchants in credit, and have become alchemists who turn water into gold; between them and the real bankers there is the same difference that there is between a promoter and a merchant. The wholesome and conservative men in Wall Street know that the Interstate Commerce decision is sound, and approve it. The Interstate Commerce Commission did not compromise, or temporize; its members did not shuffle or evade. They were not afraid, and they did much service to the State.

What the Roads Can Do

TO OUR FRIENDS, the railroad presidents, lawyers, and managers, we have one constructive suggestion. The text is to be found in a single printed line of words that followed the decision. Said President DANIEL WILLARD of the Baltimore & Ohio:

We must pay less for what we get.

Do so. We direct their attention to that single source from which the railroads, in the year 1910, bought one hundred million dollars' worth of rails, to say nothing of bridge material, splices, and other forms of steel. Here is a partial directorate of the United States Steel Corporation (the need of brevity prevents printing all); *under each man's name is a list of the railroads in which he is also a director*, as compiled from the latest editions of MOODY'S "Manual" and "The Directory of Directors":

J. PIERPONT MORGAN—New York Central R. R., New Haven R. R., Big Four R. R., Lake Shore R. R., and others.

GEORGE F. BAKER—Central R. R. of New Jersey, Burlington R. R., Lackawanna R. R., Erie R. R., and others.

DANIEL G. REID—Rock Island R. R., Frisco R. R., Eastern Illinois R. R., and others.

HENRY C. FRICK—Reading R. R., Pennsylvania R. R., Northwestern R. R., and others.

Here is the point: When the New York Central Railroad bought 10,000 tons of rails from the United States Steel Corporation what was the nature of the negotiations that preceded the signing of the contract? Where was the counterpart of that dickering which constitutes a purchase and a sale in the transactions of ordinary men? Was there that "meeting of minds" which the law books tell us effects the consummation of a contract? Probably yes, for both minds were within the same skull. To which trust was Mr. MORGAN faithful?—to the stockholders of the railroad seeking the lowest price or to the stockholders of the Steel Corporation seeking the highest price? Not the least lettered lawyer in the remotest corn field of Kansas but knows that the position of all these directors is morally and legally indefensible.

Here is our constructive suggestion. Let the railroads get together; let that same impressive galaxy of presidents and lawyers that lately appeared before the Commerce Commission go once more to Washington. Let them walk to the end of Pennsylvania Avenue, to the northeast corner of the House Office Building. There they will find fourteen men, the Democratic Ways and Means Committee, duly chosen and properly authorized by the people of the nation to revise the tariff. Let the railroads give the voice of their weight and authority to a formal plea for a removal of the tariff on every product sold by the Steel Trust, from iron ore to rail splices. The end will be, for themselves, more money in the railroad treasuries than they asked for in the increased freight rates, and, for the nation, the restoration of competition and the destruction of a malign monopoly.

Congratulations

WHEN SAN FRANCISCO received news of the selection by Congress of that city as the location of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, something of the spirit of the old town came over the place. Men threw their hats in the air in various impromptu celebrations of the event all through downtown San Francisco. Feelings of jubilation that had not found expression since the great catastrophe were let loose. It is too bad that both San Francisco and New Orleans could not have the prize, but cordial felicitations will be showered upon the successful city. Through stress and strife—whether in strife they took one side or the other, whether the stress was individual or communal—her citizens have shown a spirit of gameness which makes friends. "If California ever becomes a prosperous country," wrote R. H. DANA, Jr., as far back as 1836, "San Francisco Bay will be the center of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water, the extreme fertility of its shores, the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world, and its facilities for navigation, affording the best anchorage-ground on the whole western coast of America, all fit it for a place of great importance." Never was a prophecy more literally fulfilled. With the double-tracking of the Union Pacific by 1915, and every other route of travel crowded, San Francisco should be overwhelmed with hosts of well-wishers come to see, to greet, and to congratulate the plucky Californians.

Uncle Joe on the Suffrage

WHETHER PERSUASION can make a determined woman change her mind is a matter for debate. BILL SIKES was forced to answer this form of the question: "But do you mean to say, my dear, that the women can't be got over?" CHARLES DICKENS, a competent reporter, records the reply: "Not a bit of it!" A similar query in the course of a farewell interview with Uncle JOSEPH of Danville brought evasions. He averred: "We are treading on dangerous ground. I can not say that I am strong for woman suffrage. Suppose it did become an established fact? To-day the women are easily a big half dozen and a full half dozen to man's scant six. Suppose to the other attributes of women that make them better than men we added equality at the ballot-box? That would give women a preponderance that would unbalance the whole scheme of things." Uncle JOSEPH affects to be more far-seeing than BILL, but BILL wouldn't dodge. "Not a bit of it!" he bawled. Now blame Mr. DICKENS, not us, for the humor that follows:

"Not even by flash TOBY CRACKIT!" said the Jew incredulously. "Think what women are, BILL."

"No; not even by flash TOBY CRACKIT," replied SIKES. "He says he's worn sham whiskers, and a canary waistcoat, the whole blessed time he's been loitering down there, and it's all of no use."

"He should have tried mustachios and a pair of military trousers, my dear," said the Jew.

"So he did," rejoined SIKES, "and they warn't of no more use than the other plant."

We happen to have personal knowledge of a case in which a lawyer was using the traditional method of abusing an opposing witness. "Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "are you going to send my client to jail on the testimony of one witness, and that witness a woman? What is a woman? A woman is a rib. How did the LORD get that rib? He took it when ADAM was asleep! That was man's first sleep, his last repose. From that day to this, neither GOD nor man has known a moment's rest."

Whiskers

PENT-UP KANSAS HUMOR, shamefully neglected while editors and the populace were considering weighty political affairs, at last has made its escape and now is gleefully attacking whisker growers. The Emporia "Gazette" describes the State-wide joke as a "quiet and persistent crusade," and furnishes the following historical background and official statement:

Years ago when PEEFER brandished his bushel of spinach in public and extreme Populism was expounded by bewhiskered orators, male and female, the cartoonists and humorists of the country gave the State the reputation of being the nursery of whiskers. To this day the impression prevails all over the civilized world that Kansas beats the Boers for beards. As a matter of fact, whiskers are less conspicuous in Kansas than in other States. A traveler in Missouri will see more alfalfa on men's faces in a day than he will see in Kansas in a week. A diligent collector could gather more whiskers in one county in Indiana than could be found in all of Kansas.

Whatever the merits of the crusade, there can be no denying that it has been victorious. A recent despatch from Topeka reports that in the group picture of the forty Kansas State Senators and the one hundred and twenty-five Representatives, only two of the Senators and less than a dozen of the members of the House "are adorned with flowing whiskers." There's your true barometer—the chin of a politician.

F. D. COBURN took his way into a Topeka barber shop the other morning, and, pointing to his chin whiskers, told the tonsorial artist to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they might. He had worn those whiskers for forty years or more. . . . But Mr. COBURN is first of all a public-spirited citizen, and he does not consider his private likes and dislikes when some matter of public importance is at stake. . . .

In a book by G. K. CHESTERTON upon the BROWNINGS, we once read that ROBERT B. "experimentally shaved his beard off," but when ELIZABETH BARRETT B. saw him "she told him with emphatic gestures that it must be grown again 'that minute.'" We only narrate history. On the merits of the question we stand pat.

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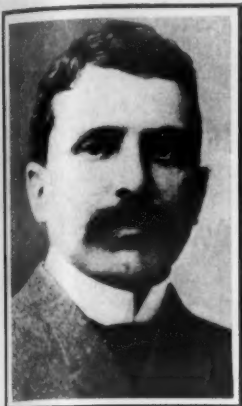
paragraphs

Mr. Wood's

Can the Wool Trust Gag the Press?

"The woolen schedule is indefensible, and I propose to say so."—PRESIDENT TAFT, IN AN INTERVIEW IN NOVEMBER, 1909, AND ON OTHER OCCASIONS

"A certain type of advertiser believes, not without reasons gained from experience, that by threats or promises he can bend the newspapers to any policy which strikes his fancy."—WILL IRWIN, in his *Newspaper Series*



William M. Wood, President of the American Woolen Company

The American Woolen Company, in behalf of which Mr. Wood writes, is the organization commonly referred to as the Wool Trust. It does between one-third and one-fourth of all the wool manufacturing in the United States; it is the chief beneficiary of the present woolen tariff, Schedule K, and it, with a closely affiliated interest, William Whitman of the Arlington Mills, was the chief agency in the making of that tariff.

Within the next three weeks a Democratic Congress will begin the work of revising the woolen tariff downward, and during the past month the American Woolen Company has begun an advertising campaign, aggregating in cost \$100,000, in the monthly and weekly periodicals of the country. Now for the first of the two letters:

"MR. BROCK, MATHEWSON,

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY, N. Y. City.

"DEAR BROCK.—I have every reason in the world to believe that the business department and advertising department of COLLIER'S did nicely by us in inserting the American Woolen Company's advertisement opposite 'Comment on Congress,' by Mark Sullivan, in your issue of February 18.

"For this marked attention and courtesy please accept my sincere thanks."

It will probably not too greatly insult the perspicacity of the reader, and it will help to start him right, if it be explained that these first two paragraphs are "writ sarcastick." Mr. Wood's mood, however, does not permit him long to indulge in humor; he now gets down to serious matters:

"But with your permission I will go a little further in the matter. On this page by Mr. Sullivan there is a lot of stuff about Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and money power, and one need not read through your article to discover the fact that Mr. Mark Sullivan is not partial to Mr. Lodge. May I call your special attention to the following, which reads:

"There was never, in the palmiest days of the men who dominated McKinley, so gross an example of the control of organized wealth over legislation as took place in the Senate within eighteen months, and necessarily under Mr. Lodge's intimate observation—the making of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. And there was never any spectacle more sordid than the crawling persons with itching palms, many of them New Englanders, who swarmed about the door of the committee room of Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Lodge in the month of April, 1909."

Bear in mind that Mr. Sullivan, in this extract

March 13

which Mr. Wood quotes, has not said a word about the American Woolen Company, or even about the tariff on wool, but Mr. Wood promptly observes that the shoe fits and puts it on:

"The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill which Mark Sullivan refers to is Schedule K, which vitally concerns the welfare of the American Woolen Company and other interests who manufacture wool and worsted fabrics.

"The American Woolen Company is a New England enterprise. We over here believe in it—as we believe in Senator Lodge, and as we also believe in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, which was and is a Republican tariff."

"The control of organized wealth over legislation" is one of the phrases in Mr. Sullivan's article which seems to have caught Mr. Wood's attention. Mr. Wood now proposes to give a practical demonstration of the control of organized wealth over editorial opinion. The language in which he leads up to it is tortuous and long, but, in the interest of complete accuracy, it is thought best to print the letters

Senator Lodge, Schedule K, and New Englanders. It would seem perhaps to the close observer that there was a sort of deft in this comment on Congress page—a come-back—a smear—and a reflection on the advertisement of one of the greatest New England industries, whose advertisement appears opposite Mr. Mark Sullivan's remarks.

"Brock, I hear right and left people saying that COLLIER'S editorials seem to be pessimistic; they savor of crying down things that are good. (Here, of course, you will disagree with me.) Or belittle things that are big and successful.

"Mr. Mark Sullivan need not agree with me about Schedule K, but being a New Englander, and advertising agent who must necessarily handle the advertising of New England enterprises, I regret deeply that COLLIER'S, one of our greatest American weeklies, speaks irreverently [sic] of New Englanders and irreverently of one of the greatest Senators to-day in Washington, Senator Lodge."

One hopes that Senator Lodge is properly grateful to this volunteer defender. (In the following paragraph the William Wood referred to is the president of the American Woolen Company):

"What Mr. William Wood's attitude will be after he has read this editorial comment by Mr. Mark Sullivan, as regards continuing his advertising in your publication, I know not at this writing."

It is at this point that Mr. Wood gets down more closely than anywhere else in his first letter, to what he would doubtless call "brass tacks"; it is in his second letter that he becomes much more explicit and less guarded. But, as has been said before, it is thought best to give both letters in full and in their order. (By the way, compare the last two paragraphs of this first letter with the last three paragraphs of the second letter):

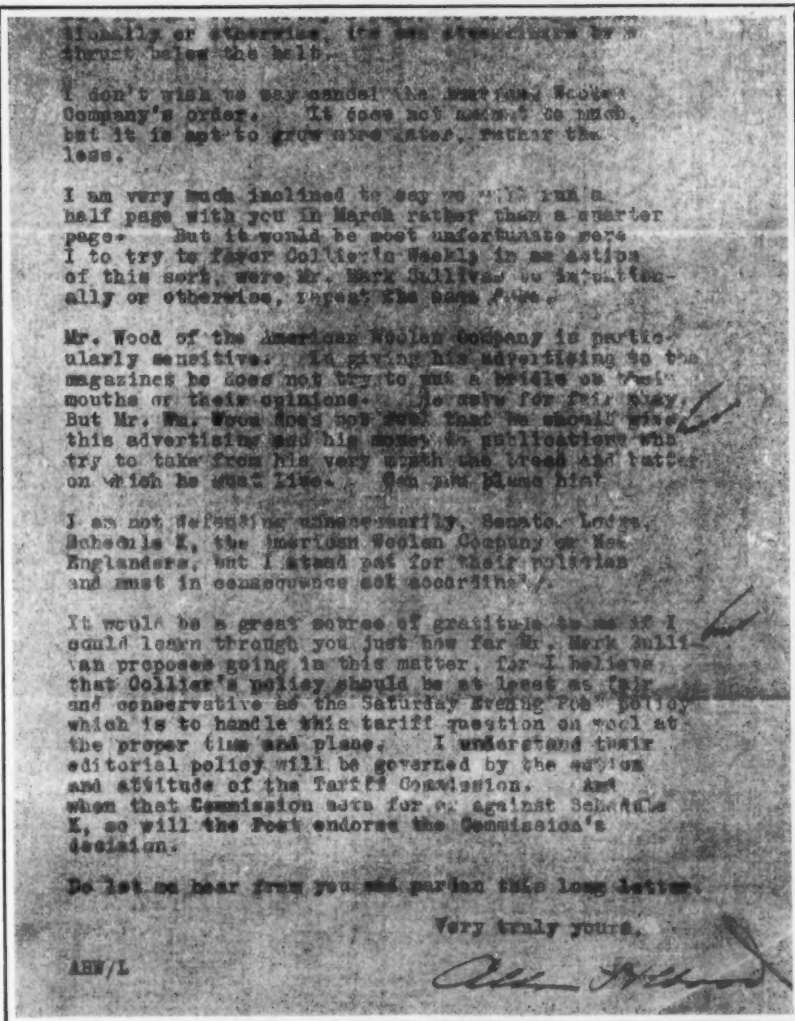
"I shall not point out this matter to him, but it seems a mistake that COLLIER'S on a left-hand page should give us a thrust and on the right-hand page allow us to run the American Woolen Company's advertisement, for which we pay a good price.

"Very truly yours,
"ALLAN H. WOOD."

This first letter is not really so terribly bad; it is susceptible, if you happened to read it in a tolerant mood, of a defense—of the explanation that it is merely a protest—tactless, of course, but not intended to be sinister—because of a chance and undesigned juxtaposition in the mechanical make-up of the paper: the placing of the American Woolen Company's advertisement opposite a page in which were printed editorial sentiments reflecting upon Senator Lodge. But if the advertisement was designed, as other advertisements are designed, to sell goods, and only to sell goods, why need the American Woolen Company care what sort of editorial text appears opposite it? This raises the query: Is this advertising campaign, costing \$100,000, designed to sell goods, or has it a different purpose? On this point, read Mr. Wood's second letter, following.

Of course no second letter ought to have been necessary. A journalist who was properly trained in the tradition of deference to the powerful advertiser would only need to read this letter; to reflect that these full-page advertisements of the American Woolen Company pay \$1,600 each to the paper that employs him, and to press the soft pedal on all discussion of Schedule K.

For an adequate description of this sort of thing, see the ninth article in Will Irwin's series on the American newspaper. Indeed, this whole episode is timely and convincing evidence of the very essence



This is the last part of a letter sent by Allan H. Wood, of Wood, Putnam & Wood, advertising agents for the American Woolen Company, to Mr. Brockholst Mathewson, the Eastern advertising manager of Collier's. The full text of the letter is printed in this article. The letter was dated February 28, and the extensive advertising campaign of the American Woolen Company was begun during February. The session of the Democratic Congress which will revise the woolen tariff begins on April 4, somewhat earlier than the American Woolen Company could have anticipated when they began their advertising campaign

entire, even at the risk of tiring the reader. This tortuousness of language, the careful feeling for openings, the tentativeness of approach, so to speak, is characteristic of the literature of intimidation; anybody who reads the testimony in the Lorimer bribery cases will have noted that same cautious and rather unctuous circumlocution.

"It seems to me most unfortunate that directly opposite the American Woolen Company's ad should appear these comments pessimistically referring to




American Woolen Company of America
Wm. M. Wood, President

As the largest producers of woolen and worsted fabrics in the world, we aim to make dependable cloths at a price that would be impossible on any lesser scale of production.

We own and operate thirty-four mills representing the highest development of the textile art. Cloths produced by the American Woolen Company by modern methods and skilled labor are as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can approach. Our immense purchasing facilities, required to supply 9000 looms with raw wool, secure choices and prices which are reflected in our finished cloth.

"American Woolen" fabrics can be purchased by-the-yard at any dry goods store. It will profit the purchaser of ready-to-wear garments to ascertain that his clothes are made of "American Woolen" fabrics. Those who patronize the custom tailor should make their selection of cloth from the large and ever-changing stock of "American Woolen" fabrics. In short, whenever and wherever it is a question of cloth, an American Woolen Company's fabric is the satisfactory answer.

AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. BOSTON, MASS.
SALES DEPARTMENT
AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. BUILDING, 18th AND 19th STS., ON 4th AVE., NEW YORK
J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, SELLING AGENT



This was the initial advertisement in the campaign. It, or another full-page, appeared during February in the following periodicals: Collier's, Saturday Evening Post, Outlook, McClure's, Scribner's, Century, Woman's Home Companion, Monthly Style Book, Good Housekeeping, World's Work, Munsey's, Cosmopolitan, Review of Reviews, Harper's Monthly, Success, Ladies' Home Journal, Everybody's, and Hampton's, and a few others

of Mr. Irwin's series. However, Mr. Wood's letters so completely tell the story that extraneous comment is a mistake. Here is his second, dated seven days after the first:

"FEBRUARY 28, 1911.

"MR. BROCK. MATHEWSON,

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY, New York City.

"DEAR MR. MATHEWSON—I suppose it is rather unkind of me to bother you with this correspondence, but the correspondence which has already preceded this probably conveys to you my feelings on the subject.

"I never have met Mr. Sullivan, but I presume he is paid by COLLIER'S to furnish weekly a page on the doings at Washington, and that he is instructed to call a spade a spade.

"I further realize that if we were to give COLLIER'S WEEKLY an order for \$100,000, it would probably not have any effect on the editorial policy of COLLIER'S as regards slamming one of its advertisers or the interests which the advertiser represents."

By what law of psychology did Mr. Wood happen to hit upon \$100,000 as the potential price of silence, the reported sum which the American Woolen Company is spending in this advertising campaign? Read on:

"I know there is a good deal of feeling at the present time in regard to Schedule K, and a general belief that if the duty is removed, or partially removed, on wool, it will materially lessen the cost of clothing. People who feel this way are certainly entitled to their belief, but the large majority of them don't know the other side.

"I think Mr. Sullivan's remarks about New Englanders as he brought out in that editorial were most unfortunate.

"I agree with you that such conditions must be more or less embarrassing, but it does seem to me as though COLLIER'S were looking for it and made a living on it. I refer to editorials which hit the big industries of this country. One would expect such rampant criticism from a yellow journal, a daily paper, but I can not feel that a weekly sheet like COLLIER'S really accomplishes the good it hopes to in slamming people as it does."

Please be patient with Mr. Wood's platitudes; these things must be done gingerly; they must be approached delicately. Bribery and intimidation must be cushioned and softened with fair words, for bribers, as well as those who take bribes, have feelings. Indeed, is it not even more necessary to preserve the amenities when the transaction is crooked?

"Now, then, in regard to your last paragraph—it is up to the advertiser, in a way, to decide whether to use COLLIER'S or not, but the average advertiser

believes, as I do personally, that COLLIER'S is worthy the patronage, worthy of every consideration, and, in fact, too worthy a paper to crucify intentionally or otherwise its own advertisers by a thrust below the belt.

"I don't wish to say cancel the American Woolen Company's order. It does not amount to much, but it is apt to grow more later, rather than less.

Than this there is nothing finer in all the literature of intimidation. Here, indeed, is art. Note the combination of the mailed fist and the velvet hand, the beautiful blending—first the threat and then the promise. Now come "brass tacks":

"I am very much inclined to say we will run a half-page with you in March rather than a quarter-page."

The difference between a quarter-page and a half-page is exactly four hundred dollars.

"But it would be most unfortunate were I to try to favor COLLIER'S WEEKLY in an action of this sort were Mr. Mark Sullivan to intentionally or otherwise repeat the same dose.

"Mr. Wood of the American Woolen Company is particularly sensitive. In giving his advertising to

THE MYSTERIES AND CRUELITIES OF THE TARIFF

THE BULWARK OF THE WOOL FARCE

The Alliance of Wool Growers and Worsted Manufacturers Behind the Injustices of Schedule K Congress Aids the Conspiracy

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN," "THE AMERICAN WOMAN," ETC.

WE have come to measure the success of an administration in this country largely by its promptness and whole-heartedness in smothering wrong-doing. The notion of what the heavy duties put on by "war taxes" set the conviction that the first business of a new government is to

in spite of repeated demonstrations of their ability. The first heard of this had business was just after the Civil War when various wool interests which had been making great sums under the heavy duties put on by "war taxes" set up a mighty clamor against their new

THE MYSTERIES AND CRUELITIES OF THE TARIFF

THE PASSING OF WOOL

Farcical tariff duties which are making all wool exclusively a rich man's fabric—Congress and the President refuse to correct the injustice

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN," "THE AMERICAN WOMAN," ETC.

There is no way to force the Congress to do what it ought to do, and to let the great mass of the people of this country know that it is in a position to

and that to let its tax on employees, including its firemen and clerks and managers, who salaries in some cases are \$10,000, even \$20,000 a year, is a great wrong. In the government

These two clippings are the first pages, containing the headings, of two articles by Miss Tarbell, dealing with the tariff on wool, which appeared in the American Magazine in October and November, about the time the American Woolen Company was planning its advertising campaign. The American Magazine does not appear on the large list of prominent periodicals now carrying the advertisements of the American Woolen Company

the magazines he does not try to put a bridle on their mouths or their opinions. He asks for fair play."

Of course, in stating these things, one must not be brutal. Let us preserve the amenities always:

"But Mr. William Wood does not feel that he should give this advertising and his money to publications who try to take from his very mouth the bread and butter on which he must live. Can you blame him?"

Poor Mr. Wood. Criticism of Senator Lodge "takes from the very mouth" [of the president of the American Woolen Company] "the bread and butter on which he must live." In this single sentence from the agent of the American Woolen Company is more real illumination of what is fundamental in American politics than is contained in ten volumes of Congressional debates.

"I am not defending unnecessarily Senator Lodge, Schedule K, the American Woolen Company, or

American Woolen Co. of America

Wm. M. Wood, President



American men and women are the best dressed individuals in the world. The American Woolen Company has done much to make this possible by furnishing usually more than five million yards of cloth at a price that would be impossible on any smaller scale of production.

The wool grower, the American Woolen Company, the clerk and garment manufacturer, the retail clothier and the wearer are partners.

They all benefit by our unexcelled facilities for buying raw material and by our wonderfully systematic methods of producing dependable fabrics of purest representing the smallest possible margin of profit to our lives.

Order the cloth as well as the clothes

It is a great advantage to demand American goods. The American Woolen Company's fabrics are made by skilled American experts. American woolen and worsted goods are sold in every city and town, and are represented by 20,000 stores and houses at an annual retail value of \$100,000,000.

AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. NEW YORK
SALES DEPARTMENT
AMERICAN WOOLEN BUILDING
18th to 19th Street, on 4th Avenue, New York
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT, PRICES LOW

This is the second in the series of full-page advertisements which the American Woolen Company is now running in most of the important monthly and weekly periodicals of the country. This one appeared in March. The Democratic Congress which was chosen by the people in November to revise the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and especially to reduce the high duty on woolen goods, came into existence March 4 and will hold its first session April 4

New Englanders, but I stand pat for their policies and must in consequence act accordingly.

"It would be a great source of gratitude to me if I could learn through you just how far Mr. Mark Sullivan proposes going in this matter, for I believe that COLLIER'S policy should be at least as fair and conservative as the 'Saturday Evening Post,' which is to handle this tariff question on wool at the proper time and place."

In this allusion to the "Saturday Evening Post" there is no necessary intimation of an improper bargain. But it is a complete acknowledgment that the advertising campaign now being conducted by the American Woolen Company has been used as the basis of an approach as to the future editorial policy in respect to the tariff on wool, on the part of at least two periodicals. Probably Mr. Wood has used the name of the "Saturday Evening Post" as recklessly as, doubtless, he would use our own in the same connection.

"I understand their [the 'Saturday Evening Post's'] editorial policy will be governed by the action and attitude of the Tariff Commission. And when that Commission acts for or against Schedule K, so will the 'Post' endorse the Commission's decision."

There is in that paragraph an unpleasant suggestion of confidence, on the part of the American Woolen Company, in the future report of the Board. However, there is little need of seeking allusions and inferences in any letter Mr. Wood writes; what he says frankly is enough.

"Do let me hear from you and pardon this long letter,

Very truly yours,

"ALLAN H. WOOD."

There is the story!

A Democratic Congress will assemble on April 4 to lower the tariff, especially the wool schedule; we earnestly ask the people of the nation to give them their sympathy and support in the work

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

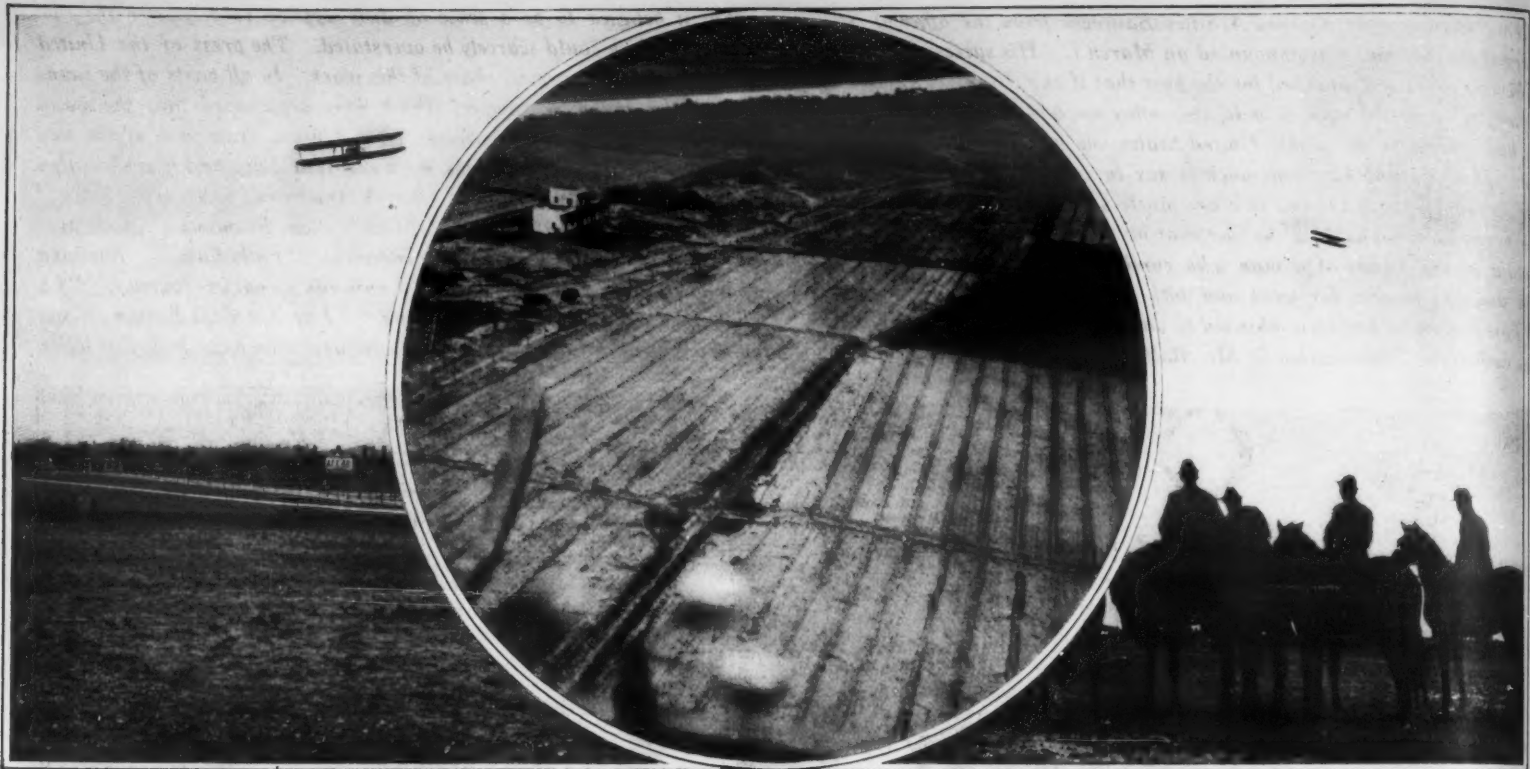
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON



The First Photograph of the Mexican Frontier Taken from an Aeroplane

Looking across the Rio Grande near Laredo into the bordering plains of Mexico. On March 1 Collier's Special Photographer, James H. Hare, ascended with the United States Army aviator, Philip Parmalee, from Fort McIntosh, and took the first photographs of foreign territory under conditions approximating those of war

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



Over the military reservation

Along the Rio Grande boundary

The army scouts of the present and the future

With the Army Aeroplane on the Mexican Border

ON MARCH 3 P. O. Parmalee, carrying Lieutenant Foulois, United States Army, as passenger, flew from Laredo to Eagle Pass, Texas, in the Wright aeroplane which has been lent to the army for scouting duty along the border. The machine rose gracefully, and, circling for a moment over Fort McIntosh, headed due north from an altitude of 2,000 feet at a speed of about fifty miles an hour. They arrived at Eagle Pass in just two hours and seven minutes, covering a distance of 106 miles, and setting a new American record for a continuous flight with a passenger in a heavier-than-air machine.



James H. Hare and Aviator Parmalee



A view of Fort McIntosh taken from the aeroplane



Taking the machine from the portable hangar at Laredo



Parmalee and Lieut. Foulois, who flew 106 miles in 2 hours and 7 minutes

A Victory for Conservation

The resignation of Richard Achilles Ballinger from the office of Secretary of the Interior was announced on March 7. His successor, Walter L. Fisher, is so well qualified for the post that if the President had asked Collier's to suggest a man to hold this office we admit frankly we could not have found in the whole United States one better fitted for the position. This journal has had much to say in criticism of the President, both in the Alaska cases and in other matters, and we wish, therefore, to give particular emphasis to the fact that he has now put the great public domain in the hands of a man who combines knowledge of the subject with unusual powers for work and with absolute courage and integrity. This periodical has been subjected to much hostile criticism for what has been called the "persecution of Mr. Ballinger." It has acted, however,

on what it believed to be a sense of duty applied to a matter the importance of which could scarcely be overstated. The press of the United States have done a generous share of this work. In all parts of the country have been found newspapers which were determined that the Land Office scandal should not continue. The United Press, one of the two great news agencies, has given the most constant help, and if we mention such papers as the Philadelphia "North American," Newark "News," Kansas City "Star," Columbia "State," San Francisco "Bulletin," Cleveland "Press," Richmond (Indiana) "Palladium," Portland "Journal," New Orleans "Item," Louisville "Courier-Journal," "La Follette's," the "Public," the "Outlook," "Life," and the Boston "Common," it is only as illustrations. The number who have helped is legion



Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirty-Ninth Street
NEW YORK

Ballinger Should Go

DON'T MIX UP BALLINGER and the President. Many newspapers, statemen, and others will assure you that those two gentlemen stand for law, whereas Mr. GIFFORD PINCHOT, Mr. NEWELL, Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT represent lawless impudence. Mr. TAFT does in reality care for "business interests." Mr. BALLINGER, wearing that old "business interests" should not be side-tracked.



They didn't dare do it until the election was over—exonerate Ballinger. You know that COLIER's rendered the verdict of the American people in June in two words—
—Little Valley (N. Y.) Hub.

From the Denver (Col.) Post



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

COURT OF PUBLIC MORALS
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
RICHARD A. BALLINGER
INDICTMENT
A TRUE BILL
CHAS. S. DODD



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

turnishes the week

MORE WORK

for

WHITE WASH BRUSH

Who is Behind Ballinger?

Ramifications of Western Politics, Which Suggest Why Ballinger was Appointed Secretary

16

It is this article is a line-up of the Alaska coal claimants. It shows they are men with high backgrounds, and explains why they permitted themselves, their wives, and their families to be taken care of by Ballinger. It shows they are men with high backgrounds, and explains why they permitted themselves, their wives, and their families to be taken care of by Ballinger. It shows they are men with high backgrounds, and explains why they permitted themselves, their wives, and their families to be taken care of by Ballinger.

That COLIER's has done a splendid public service in exposing Ballinger and Ballingerism every impartial person will readily concede.
—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

It would be far better, of course, to have another man than Mr. Ballinger in charge of the people's interests in Alaska; but it is a fine thing to have a condition in which an official who has a wrong conception of the square deal has got to administer the square deal anyhow. For which thanks be to Mr. Glavis, Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Brandeis, and COLIER's WEEKLY.—Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

MANY newspapers in the country participated in the effort to get a third-rate lawyer of shifty disposition, long tied up in the affairs of a pernicious corporation, ousted from the office of Secretary of the Interior where he might do great harm to public interests, but the leader in that effort was COLIER's WEEKLY, which furnished a large quota of the ammunition.
—Columbia (S. C.) State.



Collier's

Containing Outdoor America

SUIT FOR LIBEL

"THE CASE AGAINST BALLINGER" COLIER'S

From the Denver (Col.) News
Ballinger's whole course since he became Secretary of the Interior has been to promote the interests of the great combinations which are reaching out for all of value in the national resources which remain the property of the public, both in the United States and in Alaska.—Philadelphia (Pa.) North American.

The Whitewashing of Ballinger

Are the Guggenheims in Charge of the Dept.

By L. R. GLAVIS

Does any one think that we would not now regard a certain Cabinet officer, one Ballinger, as a great and good man if a certain Glavis had not found a court of appeals and prosecutor in COLIER's?... How came the Ballinger investigating committee? It was because of the articles.... COLIER's took the leading part in it.—Indianapolis Sun.



Collier's

Containing Outdoor America

From the investigation in charge of the Department of the Interior

The American Newspaper

A Study of Journalism in Its Relation to the Public

By WILL IRWIN

V.—What Is News?

¶ This article attempts to define what Charles Dudley Warner called indefinable—news from the journalistic point of view. It shows that news-interest—"what the public wants"—rests, contrary to the opinions of most city editors, on certain well-defined principles. The next article in the series, which appears on April 1, is entitled "The Editor and the News," and is a discussion, with examples, of newspaper ethics. ¶ The photographs below illustrate the processes of gathering news



Roosevelt caught by the press bureaus as he emerges from the jungle



The Outpost of Civilization—Peary telling the story of his North Pole discovery to the reporters



John Hay pauses in his morning walk to grant an interview

NEWS is the main thing, the vital consideration to the American newspaper; it is both an intellectual craving and a commercial need to the modern world. In popular psychology, it has come to be a crying primal want of the mind, like hunger of the body. Tramp wind-jammers, taking on the pilot after a long cruise, ask for the papers before they ask, as formerly, for fresh fruit and vegetables. Whenever, in our later Western advance, we Americans set up a new mining camp, an editor, his type slung on burro-back, comes in with the missionaries, evangel himself of civilization. Most dramatically the San Francisco disaster illuminated this point. On the morning of April 20, 1906, the city's population huddled in parks and squares, their houses gone, death of famine or thirst a rumor and a possibility. The editors of the three morning newspapers, expressing the true soldier spirit which inspires this most devoted profession, had moved their staffs to the suburb of Oakland, and there, on the presses of the "Tribune," they had issued a combined "Call-Chronicle-Examiner." When, at dawn, the paper was printed, an editor and a reporter loaded the edition into an automobile and drove it through the parks of the disordered city, giving copies away. They were fairly mobbed; they had to drive at top speed, casting out the sheets as they went, to make any progress at all. No bread wagon, no supply of blankets, caused half so much stir as did the arrival of the news.

We need it, we crave it; this nerve of the modern world transmits thought and impulse from the brain of humanity to its muscles; the complex organism of modern society could no more move without it than a man could move without filaments and ganglia. On the commercial and practical side, the man of even small affairs must read news in the newspapers every day to keep informed on the thousand and one activities in the social structure which affect his business. On the intellectual and spiritual side, it is—save for the Church alone—our principal outlook on the higher intelligence. The thought of legislature, university, study, and pulpit comes to the common man first—and usually last—in the form of news. The tedious business of teaching reading in public schools has become chiefly a training to consume newspapers. We must go far up in the scale of culture before we find an intellectual equipment more



Correspondents under guard watching the battle of the Yalu River

a debtor to the formal education of school and college than to the haphazard education of news.

Axiomatically, then, the quality of news, its freedom from undue bias and taint, is supremely important. Could one slant or taint all news at its source, he would vitiate all public intelligence. Could one raise the standard of all news at its source, he would correspondingly elevate public intelligence. And since it is so vital, we must stop here to consider what news is, before we consider what, in the ideal, should be the attitude of writer and editor toward his product.

It looks simple at first sight. News is a report of just what occurs in the world, or rather what has just occurred. But a million billion things occur hourly in the world, from the movement of the finger by which I write this line to the surging of the crowd which is at this minute harrying strike-breakers along the Canadian border. The movement of this finger is not news, while the surge of that crowd is: and something more than importance

divides them. My neighbor, John Smith, a virtuous man of well-conducted life, is just going to his office. He will do business honorably all day, come home, eat his dinner, enjoy the evening with his family, and go to bed. That, again, is not news. The world is working hard today on a million mighty labors. Tomorrow will be Sunday; most of the million on million human units in it will listen to sermon or mass, and rest and be virtuous and reasonably happy. And that is not news, while the raging of a thousand men along our border is—decidedly. Tell the former fact to a man and he is bored; tell the latter, and he stops to listen.

Here lies the distinction and it is also a definition. The beating of strike breakers is news because it is a departure from the established order.

During all our formative years, from infancy to mature intelligence, we are learning that established order. Most formal education, still more of the education which a child gets from his environment, is nothing else. His first information concerning the old and fixed things about him is news to a child. He gets the news-interest, the catch in the breath, the quick widening of the eyes, when his mother tells him

first about the world's shape or the Christian belief in judgment day. By the time his education takes final form, he has in his mind a set idea of his world, the details pretty definitely stated and restatement of these details, as that John Smith and the other John Smiths work hard all day and eat dinner every evening, are superfluous and tiresome. But when man or nature violates the established order—there is news. The departure may work for good and progress or for evil and degeneracy; it makes no difference. Blériot's flight across the English Channel was news as much as the Thaw murder. One was a departure upward, the other downward. "Hinnissy," says Mr. Dooley, "ye might write th' doin's iv all th' convents iv the worruld on th' back iv a postage stamp. . . . while Scanlan's bad boy is good for a column anny time he goes dhrunk an' thries to kill a policeman." A convent, being the segregation of extremely good and obedient persons, follows the established order with great strictness; Scanlan's boy characteristically departs from it.

Yet if convents and the conventual life had not been, and were suddenly established among us, that

The woman reporter and
Nicholas Longworth

News photographers lying in wait for their prey

The reporter puts a question to
Viscount MaidstoneThe news photographer at work
from the twentieth story of an
uncompleted skyscraper

terest)—"That's worth a dozen dead dagoes. Write a half column."
(Very Young Reporter looks still more surprised, perplexed. Suddenly the idea dawns upon him. He crosses over to table, sits down, writes.)

Both saw news; but the editor went further than the reporter. For cases of Italians killed by a boiler explosion are so common as to approach the commonplace; but a freak of explosive chemistry which annihilates a strong man and does not disturb a baby departs from it widely.

Last year Porter Charlton, rich and well connected, murdered his wife, a woman who had given up "society" to go on the stage, crammed the body into a trunk which he sunk in Lake Como, and fled to America. In the same week several other men in humble circumstances murdered their wives. Why did the Charlton case get so much more attention and interest from writers and readers? Mainly because it departed further from the customs of the established order. The "upper class," having a better opportunity, is supposed to be less given to the greater crimes than the "lower." Women in "society" do not generally go on the stage. Wife murderers are not generally so hardened as to cram the

human spirit. Invention, moral heroism, and genius in art are nothing but the discovery of something useful or fine apart from the established order.

The subject-matter of which it treats greatly modifies news interest in the masses and in the individual. First of all:

We prefer to read about the things we like.

The chief business of a true yellow journalist is to find the class of news which will interest the greatest number of people; and to this end yellow journalism has made a formula: "Sport for the men, love and scandal for the women." "Money and politics for the men, love for the women," says an executive of the Scripps papers. "Power for the men, the affections for the women," expresses it better. Power is a man's business, his chief intellectual liking; politics, wealth, and sport are all different manifestations of it. Affection is a woman's business; love is affection at its height; scandal, affection gone wrong. Every trained journalist understands that no minor news succeeds better than a story about an animal—as the dog who rescued his master from fire or drowning. Aside from the basic news interest which they represent, their departure from the accepted order, these stories "go" because most people like animals; else we should have no cats but mousers and no dogs but hunters. The rule holds with stories about little children and, especially, those about beautiful women. Herein the yellow editor who sprinkles his pages with the phrase "pretty girl," lays hold on the universal, since both sexes, from different causes, glory in the beauty of woman. As I have hinted before, interest in the doings of high society, which get so much space in our sensational publications, and so much more in the English press, proceeds from that instinct of snobbery which democracy can not cure. The under stratum yearns to reach these heights of fortune and esteem; it likes those brighter beings and would like to resemble them. Even when it envies, it pays tribute to the principle, since envy is only liking and disappointment mixed in bad chemical combination.

Theatrical managers are still citing, for amusement and instruction, the great interest which New York took in the third act of Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead." The scene was the thing; it represented the exterior of Grace Church at night. Every New Yorker had seen the real Grace Church, yet people crowded the theater to witness its canvas counterfeit. Their motive introduces the second factor which intensifies news interest in the individual:

Our interest in news increases in direct ratio to our familiarity with its subject, its setting, and its dramatic personae.

Nor is this an outgrowth of the first principle, that liking governs news interest. While by nature we characteristically like our relatives, and by association and man's free choice our friends and environment, this principle goes deeper. For example, we do not love our enemies, in spite of Christianity's two thousand years; and yet a piece of news which relates either the good fortune or the disaster of an enemy is most important to any normal man.

The interest in familiar things, people, and places—publications have waxed greater on no other policy. To-morrow you may open your newspaper and discover that your next door neighbor has been ar-

The Call-Chronicle-Examiner

SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906.

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE: SAN FRANCISCO IN RUINS

THE CALL-CHRONICLE-EXAMINER, PUBLISHED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWSPAPERS, HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT HAS BEEN SELECTED BY THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO AS THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CITY. IT IS THE ONLY PUBLICATION OF ITS KIND IN THE CITY, AND IS THE ONLY ONE WHICH IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN THE CITY. IT IS THE ONLY ONE WHICH IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN THE CITY. IT IS THE ONLY ONE WHICH IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN THE CITY.

The combined "Call-Chronicle-Examiner" printed by the San Francisco newspapers on the morning after the earthquake. This is one of the heroic episodes in American journalism. It is notable, also, as probably the only newspaper issued both free and without advertisements.

body into a trunk and sink it in a lake. Of course, since mankind is complex, other factors entered into the case, such as that basic instinct of snobbery which makes us like to contemplate beings greater and more esteemed than ourselves. But the deepest reason for interest in the Charlton case was the wide departure which it presented from the normal.

This interest is in itself a progressive force; it lies close to the noblest practical activities of the

act would be news. Herein comes another distinction. With our education in established order we get the knowledge that mankind in bulk obeys its ideals of that order only imperfectly. When something brings to our attention an exceptional adhesion to religion, virtue, and truth, that becomes in itself a departure from regularity, and therefore news. The knowledge that most servants do their work conscientiously and many stay long in the same employ is not news. But when a committee of housewives presents a medal to a servant who has worked faithfully in one employ for fifty years, that becomes news, because it calls our attention to a case of exceptional fidelity to the ideals of established order. The fact that mankind will consume an undue amount of news about crime and disorder is only a proof that the average human being is optimistic, that he believes the world to be better, sound, and working upward. Crimes and scandals interest him most because they most disturb his picture of the established order.

That, then, is the basis of news. The mysterious news sense which is necessary to all good reporters rests on no other foundation than acquired or instinctive perception of this principle, together with a feeling for what the greatest number of people will regard as a departure from the established order. In Jesse Lynch Williams's newspaper play, "The Stolen Story," occurs this passage:

(Enter Very Young Reporter; comes down to city desk with air of excitement.)

VERY YOUNG REPORTER (considerably impressed)—"Big story. Three dagoes killed by that boiler explosion!"

THE CITY EDITOR (reading copy. Doesn't look up)—"Ten lines." (Continues reading copy.)

VERY YOUNG REPORTER (looks surprised and hurt. Crosses over toward reporters' tables. Then turns back to city desk. Casual conversational tone)—

"By the way. Funny thing. There was a baby in a baby carriage within fifty feet of the explosion, but it wasn't upset."

THE CITY EDITOR (looks up with professional in-

The Chicago reporters waiting for Paul Stensland



The "City Room" at night

different by a world from Massachusetts except for the fact that it is a stable and settled community. And the Charleston gentility, which sets fashions of thought for South Carolina, dislikes personal mention, holding that no gentleman will tolerate "newspaper notoriety." In fact, experts have discovered, in the last two decades of systematic study, that mere personal mention without some news interest behind it does not pay, as a circulation getter, for the space which it occupies. The kernel of the "Globe's" success with this policy lies in attracting ten people here and twenty there with a short, mild bit of news which by familiarity greatly interests them, as that Mrs. Jones—"the Mrs. Jones we know, my dear"—has given a high tea, Miss Jones is engaged, Willie Jones has been confirmed, Mr. Jones has built a house.

The Selfish Interest

NEWS is a commercial necessity as well as an intellectual satisfaction, part of our business as well as part of our thought. And so:

Our interest in news is in direct ratio to its effect on our personal concerns.

The fact that Reading common stock has dropped two points is hardly news at all in the absolute, so slight a variation from the regular and accepted does it proclaim. To the man who holds ten thousand shares of Reading common, it may be the most important news in any paper. The Leadville "Herald-Democrat" and the Butte "Miner"

to the general importance of the persons or activities which it affects.

This principle is hardly worth examples. News about President Taft is more interesting than news about John Smith, because Taft is more important in the world than Smith. So Taft's sore throat is "worth" a paragraph to every newspaper in the United States, while Smith's broken leg draws scarcely a line in his country weekly. A dramatic change in the fortunes of the Standard Oil Company is supremely interesting; the unexpected foreclosure on Baccigalupi's corner grocery gets rightly no space in the newspapers. This is merely the working of man's sense of proportion.

The Feeling for the Dramatic

THESE are not the only factors that intensify news interest, but they are the chief ones. Sense for the clash and adjustment of character and incident which we call drama is a factor. That a woman finds her long-lost child after ten years search is mild news; that she finds him in the next hospital cot, fellow victim of a train wreck, is great news. So with the sense of humor. Such newspapers as the Kansas City "Star," the New York "Sun," and the Chicago "Tribune," daily print stories which have only slight interest through departure from the accepted order, through popular liking for their subject-matter, through self-interest, or through the importance of the persons and interests involved. But they fall naturally into such form, or the skilful reporter casts them in such form, that they amuse. Charles Lynch's stories of Rosey the Lawyer and the Duke of Essex Street had scarcely an inch of news to the page; yet some people took the "Sun" for these stories alone. In fact, a hundred activities of the mind attract or repel the reader to or from a given bit of news; but none so powerfully as the intellectual factors on which I have laid special stress above.

Newspaper telegraphers flashing news of the Thaw case from the Criminal Courts Building in New York to the five continents



The birthplace of modern slang—The baseball reporters at a League game



Mark Hanna in the act of refusing an interview

publish daily columns of "notes from the mines," just as the New York "Sun" publishes a Wall Street edition. Not once a week does anything happen in the mines which rises to news in the absolute by presenting a striking departure from routine and custom. Unilluminated by personality or color, these notes make little appeal to that interest in familiar things which the Boston "Globe's" suburban notes satisfy. The people of Leadville and Butte want them because mining, their only industry, affects the fortunes of all, and the slightest change in the policy or conduct of a mine may take away the individual's employment or increase the receipts of his grocery.

The Sense of Proportion

FINALLY comes the most obvious factor of all, but by no means the least influential.

Our interest in news increases in direct ratio

rested for speeding his automobile or has fallen from a scaffold and broken his leg. Though the item occupy only an inch in the column, it will probably cause more discussion at the breakfast table than two columns about an earthquake in Peru, a famine in Russia, or a rebellion in the Sudan. Of course, with increase of intelligence and education, with mental broadening, the circle of familiarity widens; the man of culture may care as much to read of the Russian famine as of his neighbor's arrest; but that is because he has read of Russia or studied the wheat supply.

The Small Change of News

THIS special interest in familiar things explains a freak of newspaper making which puzzles publishers. The Boston "Globe" has grown great and rich through small bits of local news from Boston and the suburbs. Nearly every day it prints pages, and every Sunday whole sections, of notes from Wareham, North Scituate, Nahant, Marblehead, and the like. It has been said, half in joke, that the "Globe" "tries to publish the name of every inhabitant of Massachusetts twice every year." Herein General Taylor, the publisher, plays on the weakness for familiar things. New England is old, settled, and stable. The units of population have generally traveled but little; their interest remains in Boston and in the near-by communities from which they sprang, at which they summer, or in which their kinsmen live. So, where the editor to shifting populations like New York searches for great stories which, by appeal to the news principle and to some universal instinct for power or love, will grip the whole population, Taylor's men are finding two-line items, each of which will interest only a dozen people, but interest them more than almost any large general story.

The New York "World" and the Chicago "Tribune" now subscribers down in battalions with artillery; the Boston "Globe" picks them off in detail with small arms. Nor is the human vanity in seeing one's own name pleasantly mentioned the main factor in Taylor's success, as some believe. For the same method succeeds in South Carolina,



The New York "Times" puts a question to Roosevelt

The Moths

A Sea Captain's Narrative of a Mystery of the South Seas

By LINCOLN COLCORD

This is the story that Nichols told us, as we sat under the "Omega's" awning in the light of a lurid sunset, and talked of the old problem of the East and the West, which is also the problem of the World.

A NUMBER of years ago I was bringing the old *Omega* from Batavia to Singapore. It was early in September, the wind was uncertain, and after I'd run by Lucipara Island and fairly entered Banca, I found that the southwest monsoon had already broken in that vicinity. The second afternoon put me no farther than the Karang Brom-Broms. Night was coming on, the wind was gone, and a swift current was setting me back to southward. I decided to drop anchor and wait for the land breeze.

The place where I fetched up was some miles short of the Brom-Broms, and near a wooded point which I'd often noticed in passing up and down the Straits. I saw now that there was a native village in the lee of the point; and my anchor had hardly touched bottom when several dugout canoes put off from shore.

A crowd of chattering natives soon came alongside, greatly desiring to sell fruit, vegetables, parrots, and monkeys. I always encourage natives to come on board. When I'd bought out their supply of yams and coconuts, they told me about their village, about the Dutch officials who visited them occasionally, about the crops—all of which I'd heard in substance many times before. I was thinking of driving them away for the night, when my interest was suddenly aroused.

"A strange man lives on the point," one informed me, tapping his head significantly.

"Malay or Dutchman?" I asked.

"One of your own people," was the answer. "Neither Malay nor Dutch."

"What is his business?" I persisted.

"He has none," they told me, gathering in a wide-eyed group. "By day he sleeps. By night it is said he works evil. Bold ones have watched, and beheld him invoking unseen powers. Also he speaks aloud, though the room be empty. We have desired to kill him, fearing calamity to the village, but we are afraid."

IN A FLASH I formed a mental picture of the man—some poor devil, cast aside by the world, perhaps mad, at any rate in exile either for penance or for actual crime. It's been my fortune to stumble on several of these marooned souls; I've never failed to derive wisdom from them. The breeze wouldn't spring up for some hours, and I resolved to go ashore.

The natives offered me a passage in one of their canoes. I told the mate not to worry if I stayed ashore all night, for of course I didn't know what I was getting into. During the paddle in I tried to learn more of the hermit, but the natural timidity and secretiveness of the natives had given them false warning. This captain-man was as mad as the other: they would say nothing! We landed at a rickety bamboo staging, passed through their village, turned a corner, and entered a jungle path that ran close by the shore. Five minutes' traveling brought us to an open space in front of a tumble-down hut. There the natives left me, vanishing like shades into the growing night. A queer feeling crept down my back-bone. The place was lonely and silent as the grave. On three sides stood the jungle, an unbroken wall of ebony blackness; fronting this, an arm of Banca opened on clear water beyond, where the *Omega's* lights hung like low stars. I felt as if dropped into an evil dream, and yearned for those lights as a man in the toils of a nightmare yearns for some indefinite safety lying beyond reach or hope. You know the sensation, dread more than actual fear, dread of an imminent shadow. So I stood waiting, confronting the house like Roland before his dark tower. It was nothing but a shack of bamboo, set on posts near

the water's edge. Holes that had once been windows were stuffed and barricaded with a patchwork of rags and branches. They were dark; but bars of yellow light shot from chinks in the wall. Some one had a lamp burning inside.

I listened, and suddenly heard rapid steps and the sound of a low cry. A voice came to me—a voice speaking English—a voice of anguish and despair.

"Another! Another!" it wailed. "Oh God, will they never stop!"

MY HAND was raised to knock, but I paused at the cry. The mind will speculate—though it well knows the futility of all conjecture. While I was thinking, feet scurried behind the thin wall; a scuffle seemed going on inside. I felt my hair lifting as if a cold wind had blown through it.

Then something struck the door—a soft, dull blow. I leaped away. As I did so the voice spoke again,



The next thing I knew I had intercepted a blow and disarmed him

quite close, in a sort of weary exultation: "One more—damn them! Oh, what's the use?"

It was no time to measure qualms. That voice came from the hell of human fear. I didn't reason; the instinct in me answered the tone of it, as man answered man before speech was born. I took a good grip of a stick that I'd picked up as I came through the jungle, and knocked. Absolute silence fell on the house. For a full minute nothing moved or made a sound. I knocked again.

"Come!" cried the voice, charged with a desperate resolution. "I am ready!"

I threw open the door, and stood on the threshold of a single room. A man crouched before me, hiding his face in one bent arm. The other hung at his side, grasping a folded towel like a weapon. Between us on the floor lay a big brown moth. I noticed it because of the quivering of its wings.

"I couldn't help hearing—" I said a little breathlessly. "What is it?"

He looked up. What did he expect to see? God knows! Even yet I haven't any conception. I don't believe that he himself had at the time. Of course, he expected *Her*; but in what form—a monstrous shape of the darkness, a ghostly mist, a glowing ball of fire, a goblin, a ghoul, or something worse than all these—he probably didn't dare consider. He was ready—for anything! And, God bless me, at that moment I relapsed into the criminal theory, and longed in a vague way for handcuffs and officers of the law. It crossed my mind that I must have given him a good scare. A good scare! The face that he showed me was distorted, insane, almost inhuman. He gazed at me long, with a suspicious, wondering expression. I saw the life slowly come back into his face and the intelligence come back into his eyes—like the return of sunlight when a cloud passes. The next instant he threw himself forward, and lay sobbing at my feet.

I knelt beside him and put my hand on his shoulder. "My dear fellow, what is the matter?" I asked again, trying to be calm.

It was some time before he spoke. "Nothing, nothing!" he finally mumbled. "Wait a minute—"

"I came from the ship," I said, for lack of something better. "They told me about you in the village—"

"Yes! Yes!" he whispered to himself, hugging my feet like a child that had been lost and found. "I saw the ship—" He raised his head; his eyes were on a level with mine, and in them I seemed to fathom depth upon depth of—not exactly of vacancy, but rather of obscurity—the kind that hides in clear blue water, or down a deep hole.

"Tell me what's wrong," I demanded incautiously.

"You wouldn't understand—" he said. Then he actually smiled: a curtain fell, and he became a man. "You must think you've struck a madhouse!" he exclaimed. "The fact is, no one ever comes here—particularly at night."

"I gathered as much," I remarked. "You're alone?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm alone."

THINGS didn't seem to be getting anywhere. "You must pardon me for coming in on you—" I began on a new tack.

"Not at all!" he interrupted. "I can't tell you how glad—"

"Perhaps I ought to ask your pardon for—for disappointing you," I went on, cruelly enough.

He gave me a hurt, startled glance. "My God, sir," he cried, "you don't know what you're saying!"

He certainly had me there; I'd never been more at sea in my life. And, beyond this, it wasn't any of my confounded business. But I was immensely curious; the man had rolled at my feet in agony. I saw that I must have appeared opportunely—or inopportunely, whichever way it was. I saw, too, that he was a gentleman. In common decency the explanation rested with him. So I said nothing, and cast my eyes about the room. A small table stood in one corner, bare except for the burning lamp and a few dead moths like the one on the floor. The man evidently slept in another corner of the room. Dirt lay everywhere—rinds of fruit, decaying vegetables, meat bones. "Why don't you sweep the place out?" I suggested, unable to contain myself.

As soon as I'd spoken I regretted it. But he didn't answer. At last I turned, with an apology on my lips—and saw that he hadn't even heard. His eyes were fixed on the wall with a stare of horror and fascination, his breath came short, his hands worked convulsively. "Look!" he whispered.

I followed the direction of his finger, but couldn't see anything. "Where? What?" I cried.

"The moth!" he gasped. "Keep it out!" He started to leap forward, but I restrained him.

Then I saw what it was all about. Directly in front of us, one of these brown moths was struggling in a crack of the bamboo wall. I could make out the hairy, fat body, and two pairs of the stout legs scrambling on the bamboo, trying to pull the creature through. My mind moved slowly; I still had no hypothesis to build on. Why this fuss about a moth? What quantities of them there seemed to be about the floor! It occurred to me that they were very large moths.

The man's hand fell on my arm; his voice rose to a shriek. "Stop it! Kill it! O God!"

THE moth had struggled through. It swept out into the room like water overflowing from a vessel, and darted directly toward us as we stood in front of the light. The man freed himself from me, overturning a chair as he went, and cowered—actually cowered—against the opposite wall! The moth sailed once or twice about the room, and became lost in the shadow of the ceiling. Directly I saw it again, wheeling in narrow circles about the man's head. With a cry of a lost soul he dashed into the open and snatched the towel from the floor.

Then I beheld a strange thing. They fought—the man and the moth! He struck at it with the towel—blindly, frantically. It circled on untouched. By Jove, that moth seemed bewitched! It rushed at the man's head between towel-strokes; it dodged the blows; as I watched, I got an impression of evil intelligence, of diabolical intent. My friend uttered short cries as he beat the air—guttural sounds, in a language unknown to me. The same cold creep that I'd felt outside the door ran down my back, and my heart thumped like a trip-hammer.

"Take time!" I shouted. "Here, give me the towel!"

The next I knew I had intercepted a blow and disarmed him. He sank moaning to the floor. I struck out—once, twice. You have no idea of the weirdness of this affair. I was beside myself, crazed, adrift—I can't explain. The thing attacked me, beset me! If it had opened its mouth and spoken, I couldn't have been more unnerved. I struck again, with all my strength, and caught it on the wing. It dropped: I fell upon it with the towel—mashed it flat. Then I came to my senses, and realized the figure I'd been cutting.

"Did you get him?" whimpered the man at my feet.

"Of course!" I answered shortly. "It's nothing but a common moth. I was afraid, by the way you acted, that it might be something dangerous." I had to justify myself, you see. "Dangerous!" he repeated below his breath. "Oh God—"

"Look here, what does this foolishness mean?" I growled.

He lifted a drawn, bloodless face. "I'm cursed!" he said.

"Fiddlesticks!" I rapped out. "See—" I picked up the moth, and held it toward him. "There are thousands of them."

"Don't bring it any closer!" he yelled. "Look at the eyes!"

I LOOKED at the moth's eyes—and shuddered involuntarily. Have any of you fellows ever been hypnotized? The moth wasn't dead yet; they're tough little devils, and die hard. It lay in my hand without motion and its eyes searched me through and through. If you don't believe me, catch a big moth some night and try it. I tell you, a soul seemed to look out of those eyes! They peered keenly from the blank semblance of a face; two dark rings of furry stuff like eyebrows gave them a wide, expressive appearance. Thoughts were going on in that little brain; by Jove, I felt that the thing hated me! The worm-like body trembled in my hand; I threw it away with an impulse of utter repugnance.

"You too!" croaked the man behind me. "Then I'm not mad!"

"I think we're both mad!" I answered, considerably amused at my own weakness. "But I caught it from you. What are you afraid of, anyway?"

"Madness, for one thing," he said. "From the first, I've thought that I might be imagining—losing my mind. Now I know—and I feel better. It's a fact to be faced."

He talked steadily for an hour or more in a low, dispassionate voice. The man was weary—mind, body, and soul. What he told me was impossible, ridiculously impossible! I kept assuring myself that it was impossible. All the while the wheel of a question was revolving dizzily in my own mind: "Is he mad?—is he sane? Is he mad—is he sane?" I swear I couldn't determine; sanity is such an indefinite attribute! There were times when I almost believed him. A voice within would whisper: "What do you really know?" I'd answer: "Only the tangible." And the voice would go on: "This is a matter beyond the touch of hands!" Then I'd come back with a shock into my restricted range of life, and realize that if I couldn't know it I had no business investigating; that to me, the Nichols-ego, it must forever be a matter utterly impossible. By that reasoning, to me my friend was mad; he believed my impossible. And yet—the wheel turned, and once more he seemed quite sane.

"I'll not repeat his story in detail. You've heard a great many like it; wherever your superior races come in contact with your inferior races the thing happens commonly. I'll also withhold the man's name. He had a large acquaintance in his corner of the East; often since, when I've been there, I've listened to the account of his strange disappearance—and said nothing, because I knew that the page was closed. It all began with a girl, who loved him well enough to hate him when he left her.



The door stood open and the place seemed deserted

She was a native of the place; maybe she had been bad as well, but that doesn't matter. I gathered that she really loved him. And he loved her for a while, and wanted to marry her. His family interfered; his friends rallied to the support of the convention. He was advised to pull out; finally he was persuaded to leave the vicinity. All this sounds very bald; it's easy enough to skim over in a few words the pain and the fires of hell. She wrote to him after he'd gone, saying that she was in trouble. But by that time the wire edge of his sympathy had worn off; no doubt there was another girl in the place where he'd gone. I could see that he'd been that kind of a man. One day he learned that she was dead.

The news came to him in a second letter from her. He spoke of that letter with awe, with a sort of fatalistic, grim remorse; it seemed to have marked a turning-point in the whole current of his life; it woke him up, you might say, changed him fundamentally, stripped him of the conventions, and threw him naked into hell. I was obliged to listen closely; the man wandered, hesitated; I felt that what he saw with his mind's eye was too big for words.

"Have you ever been there?" he asked suddenly, referring, of course, to the country where the woman had lived and died. I nodded, trying not to throw him off the track. "Then you've heard the superstition?" he went on with a rush.

TO BE truthful, I had heard it; but truth is a tactless ally. "What superstition?" I parried. "The one about moths," he said. "Every one knows it. It's more a belief than a superstition. Moths are—are the souls of wronged women!" He drew a deep breath, clenched his hands, and remained silent for some time.

While he waited, a great deal that I'd forgotten came back to me. I remembered how long ago in

that country I'd heard a man say: "The little ladies are abroad to-night!" And in answer to my question, he'd pointed to a company of fluttering moths outside a lighted *shoji*, and said with feeling: "Wo to him who has done wrong!" What a graceful conception, I'd thought at the time; a new interpretation of the tragedy of the moth and the flame! And I remembered how in a later year and at the same place, I'd heard a man chaffed unmercifully because as we sat in a garden one evening the moths wouldn't leave him alone. They flew about his head, they crawled on his garments; and so much was said that at last he left us in a dudgeon—perhaps to spend a bad night with his conscience.

ALL this I remembered before my friend's voice broke in on my thoughts. "She wrote that she was dying," he said. "The child had been born, and had died." His eyes were staring; he sat rigid, gripping his knees, and went on like a man confessing under the lash. "She said that I must suffer too—that I'd caused—" A great sob choked him, and he bowed his face in his hands. "Then I knew how much I'd loved her!" he cried.

The rest of the tale came calmly, after this paroxysm had passed. Too calmly, I thought; mad men speak in that manner of the impossible. Do you know what extraordinary thing this man believed? He believed that she had sent moths to curse him! He believed more; he believed that at last she herself would come and take him away.

When I heard that a sudden light dawned upon me. "Then you thought—my knock—" I exclaimed. "Yes, yes!" he whispered. "It must be nearly time! The brown moths have been coming for three months—"

"Do you mean to tell me that you've gone through this every night for three months?"

"More!" he said. "There were gray moths, too—souls of children—"

His voice became lower, almost inaudible; I bent forward to hear. The woman's last letter reached him in Singapore, where he'd been living in seclusion. The night after its arrival, a great many gray moths kept flying into his room. Maybe they'd always done so, he hadn't noticed before. He told me that they fluttered about his head like little dried rose-leaves—and all night long he sat thinking of the dead child. After that for many nights the gray moths visited him, and he got no sleep. They crept on his face and woke him.

"Why didn't you try a mosquito net?" I asked. "I did," he answered. "They worked under."

"But they wouldn't have come at all if you'd put out the light."

He shook his head. "How do you know that?" he demanded. "Anyway, the darkness was too much."

"Couldn't you close the windows?"

"My God, man," he cried, "the windows were closed!"

"But those houses!" I remonstrated. "Think how easy—"

He waved my suggestion aside as unworthy of consideration. "You don't understand. There was no escape!" he said, and went on with the tale.

IT SEEMS that a night came when no gray moths appeared. This frightened him more than to have the room full of them; I believe he had warning of some such cessation in his mysterious letter. By that time, I reckon, his mind had become slightly unhinged. At any rate, he sat up as usual, thinking, thinking. Nothing happened all night. At dawn he fell asleep, and slept through the day. When he awoke it was dusk in the room. He got up quickly and lighted his lamp. The match had hardly touched the wick, when a big brown moth sailed into the room.

"I knew what to expect," he said. "Knew what to expect!" I repeated, genuinely astonished.

"Certainly!" he replied. "The others were harmless—little futile baby things. This one was altogether different. It flew straight at me—you've seen them—you know. I felt its purpose—so had to fight and kill it. But more came—"

"My dear fellow, what in the devil did you conceive it to be?" I asked.

(Continued on page 21)

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The Roosevelt Dam

The Government Project Which Makes Possible the Irrigation of 250,000 Acres of Land

Some Figures of the Roosevelt Dam

Capacity of dam is 1,284,000 acre feet (water enough to cover that many acres one foot deep). Total length of canals is 32½ miles. Tunnel's length is 9,780 feet. Height of dam from foundation to parapet is 284 feet. Length of roadway on top of reservoir is 1,080 feet and width is 20 feet. The natural reservoir is 25 miles long and over 200 feet deep. The water contained in the natural reservoir would be sufficient to cover the State of Delaware one foot deep. Date of first breaking of ground was October 25, 1903. Date of placing the last stone was February 5, 1911. Elevation of irrigable lands 1,200 feet above sea-level. Average rainfall is seven inches. Range of temperature 20° to 120° Fahrenheit. Extent of irrigable lands 200,000 acres on lower levels. Extent of irrigable lands on higher levels is 50,000 acres.

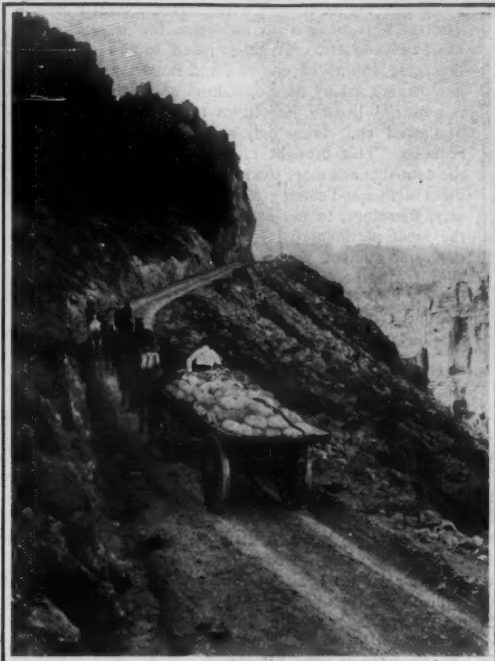
ON MARCH 18 ex-President Roosevelt formally opens the great irrigation dam which bears his name and which was begun in his administration. It is one of the big engineering feats of this country, and it has been watched by engineers all over the world. Colonel Roosevelt travels from Phoenix over a well-built Government road where some fifteen years ago Mr. Frederick Haynes Newell, the director of the Reclamation Service, had to dismount and shove his horse from one ledge to another. Out of solid rock this Government road was blasted. Now it stretches smooth and broad for seventy-five miles from Phoenix to the cañon of the Salt River, and over this road, built by Apache Indians, all the equipment, and all the provisions for the army of engineers and workmen.

Modern civilization has come into the Salt River Valley with the building of this dam, but, before the Cæsars, seven centuries of Moki civilization had passed and left their records of canals, of palaces, of structures which reveal intelligence and skill and the patience of the slaves of the Pharaohs. Then came the Apache Indian. He occupied the valley, and on the very site of the dam he held at bay Government troops for many a long year. Then came the peaceful townsmen of Roosevelt, the sites of whose buildings are now covered by one hundred feet of water. There followed the engineer with his machines, his enormous cranes and derricks, his ten-ton gates to shut out during his work the turbulent waters of the river, and his twentieth-century efficiency.

The dam is now all completed: the last stone was set in place on February 5. With the formal opening of the engineer's work is done. There remains only to tell the tale of how he did it.

When he came over the trail from Phoenix fifteen years ago, jumping his pony from ledge to ledge, there were giant cacti, great stretches of arid waste, and high walls of solid rock rising from

By M. F. ABBOTT



The Fish Creek Hill road built by Apache Indians

a small turbulent stream. In imagination he saw a Government road, smooth and broad; in place of cacti

walls of concrete and huge iron gates. All this he saw; and he set to work to dig Government wells; to build Government roads; to dig away a mountain of rock, grind it to powder and with it mix the cement for the concrete structure; to set up a power plant, harnessing the stream until stored for other purposes—thus economically providing light and motive-power with which to run the giant machines.

All this he has accomplished. His work is done. And when he leaves, and the great mass of water rises to the parapet and overtopping roadway, he will have made possible the irrigation of two hundred thousand acres of alkali plains, and, through the utilization of the power latent in the water stored in the dam, water will be pumped up to fifty thousand acres more of arid land which lies high above the plain of cacti.

The Government engineer has done many things he did not start out to do. For one thing, he has burned his own cement. And the effect of his initiative has been to lower the bids of contractors on all Government irrigation works. A certain contractor, now a sadder and a wiser man, attempted to overcharge grossly. The Government threatened to do its own work and so dispense with him. He even went to Congress to demand his contract, but did not succeed. The contractor cut his bid in half. The Government still underbid him, set up its own cement mill, made its own cement, and saved \$600,000 over the lowest bid. Contractors throughout the West have taken warning.

The town of Roosevelt sprang up over night and flourished for a season in the very center of activities. Then it came time for it to move; it moved to a hill overlooking the dam—that is, all of it moved when the water began to come in except the U. S. M. The postmaster waited for orders from Washington. There is even a tale of his waiting and conducting

his business from an upper story when the water had forced him up. Finally officers of the United States Reclamation Service, in the absence of orders from the United States Post-Office, successfully moved him, still protesting, to the new site of the town of Roosevelt.

Mr. Newell tells many a story of the building of the dam with keen relish, among others of the man who, in the early days of roadmaking by the Indians, replied to his query with: "Lock up the store! Why, bless you, there ain't a white man within thirty miles."

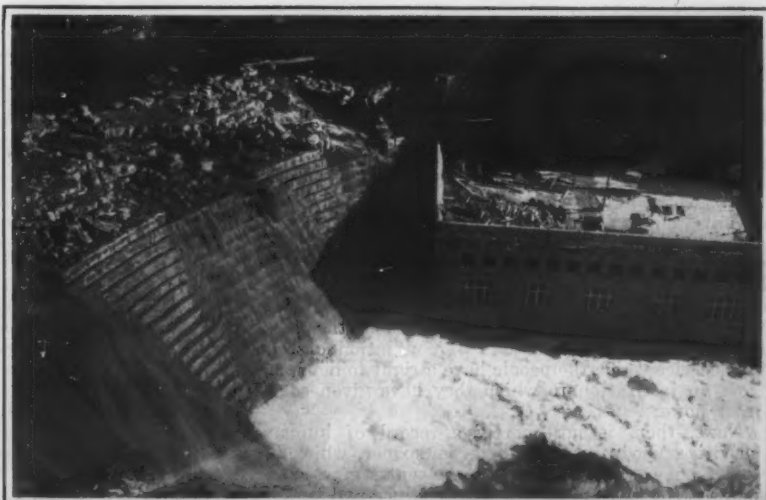
From Mr. Newell you will get a vision of what the engineer can do and what his place is in this age of the machine. From him also you will get enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of the man with the imagination of a poet and the skill of an artificer. For it was his imagination during those long rides fifteen years ago, when he jumped his pony from ledge to ledge, which saw a Government road winding up from the fertile farms of the valley to the fastnesses in the hills where solid walls of concrete held in storage the water which is worth much more than gold to the West.



A general view of the site of the dam, showing the power-house



The completed structure surmounted by the twenty-foot parapet



A view of the dam and power-house during the flood of December 19, 1908

What Is News?

A Symposium from the Managing Editors of the Great American Newspapers

JACKSON DAILY NEWS

Jackson, Mississippi

By Frederick Sullens, Editor

IT REALLY is not news to Andrew Carnegie to tell him that Mike Flannagan, the yeggman, has been sent up to serve a term of seven years for safe-blowing. He does not know Mike and cares nothing about him.

But if you tell the canny Scotchman that Jackson, Mississippi, would like very much to have a Carnegie library, he immediately sits up and begins to take notice.

And, to the average captain of industry, quoting the words of L'Estrange, "it is no news for the weak and poor to be a prey to the strong and rich." Fling something like that in the face of J. Pierpont Morgan and he would immediately assume a bored expression.

A well-trained newspaper reporter is the only person who is capable of telling, through his sixth sense divination, exactly what news is. And after the reporter's story has been filtered through the city editor, the copy-reader, the managing editor, and finally after a sail-trimming business manager gets a whack at it, nobody knows what news is.

THE NORTH AMERICAN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

By Hugh Sutherland, Managing Editor

IN THE strict technical sense, news comprises all current activities which are of general human interest, and the best news, professionally speaking, is that which interests the most readers. Aside from class news—financial reports, sporting records, and so on—the test of human interest admits any event that affects the life of a nation or a community, or of an individual in relation to his fellows.

(Merely in parenthesis, to meet a common objection, it may be stated that crime is news, because every crime affects the community as well as the person directly injured; likewise divorce and similar affairs of a so-called private nature are news, because of the general concern of society in the preservation of institutions and standards of conduct which it has established. The reporting of such things may be made a public benefit or a public detriment, according to the manner in which they are treated; but that they are legitimate news there can be no doubt.)

The definition of news which we have given may seem broad, yet it is hopelessly narrow when measured by what we conceive to be the privileges and responsibilities of journalism. The newspaper is a specially favored creature of the basic law. The Constitutions of the United States and of the various States confer upon it extraordinary rights and protect it with extraordinary safeguards. Obviously the intent was that it should be more than a mere recorder of events and opinions. It was endowed with powers and privileges far beyond those of the individual, in order that it might be a voice for the people, a sentinel, an agitator, a pathfinder. It is not to be believed that such exceptional powers and privileges were granted without implying grave responsibilities for exceptional public service.

Hence we find that as these facts are better understood there is a broadening of the definition of news. A generation ago the respectable, influential journal was as dull in news as it was vigorously partizan in editorial policy. Later came the passion for human interest at any cost. This became virtually the only test of news: that story which excited the curiosity, the pity, the horror, the indignation of the average reader was considered the most important. To a large extent this conception of news governs to-day. The most successful metropolitan newspaper still gives up seven-eighths of its first page every day in the year to vivid, well written, highly interesting reports of accidents, crime, and scandal. We do not question the legitimate news value of these selections; we simply hold that the policy is out of date, and is a repudiation of the high service which the people have a right to demand from an institution to which they have given such great powers.

News, then, is not merely a record of human activities, good and bad. The newspaper, which is nothing more than a mirror of events, may be a material success, but it is a moral failure and is dishonoring a debt it owes to the society which gives

It in presenting this, the first instalment of a symposium by the newspaper editors of the United States, COLLIER'S is obliged to apologize for blue-penciling the blue-pencilers. We telegraphed to the editors or managing editors of one hundred important American newspapers, asking their opinion on the question "What is news?" Usually, invitations to a symposium, unless "followed up," bring only about one answer in ten requests. This brought more than one in three. So the contributions more than filled the space set aside for them in this and coming issues; and it has been necessary, therefore, to cut some of their replies down to the most pertinent paragraphs. In his article on the same subject, published on page 16 of this issue, Will Irwin merely defines news. The editors frequently have overstepped that limit and have discussed not only the nature of news but the ethics of news-publication—so anticipating some of our subsequent articles

it life and protection. Its look is backward. It is reporting the news of yesterday instead of the news of to-morrow.

Our theory enlarges the boundary of news; hence, as space is severely limited, it means the subordination of the kind of news we have been discussing to a kind of news which ordinarily is neglected. That news which gets the most emphasis and space from us is by many journals not considered news at all. It comprises the reporting, investigating, and exploitation of wrongs which affect human life injuriously, and discoveries or adaptations which affect it beneficially.

The old-time paper would have scorned to waste good news space on the doctoring of foods, the benefits of outdoor sleeping, or the postage rate on magazines. It saw no news in an impure milk supply or the waste of natural resources or the spreading of information regarding preventive measures against disease. Yet what is more vitally, humanly interesting than the improvement of living conditions in the school, the workshop, and the home? What can carry a stronger appeal than the news that tuberculosis is curable, diphtheria conquered, typhoid a needless peril and a disgrace to any community? Is there less news value in new methods of giving understanding to a defective child than there is in new methods of cheating the customs laws?

Crime and disaster and all the bizarre doings of mankind will always be news. But there are good stories, too, which tend to enhance the comfort and brighten the lives of men. These, we take it, are also news—and if they do not pass the test of human interest, we lack the news sense which is the first requisite of newspaper making.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR

Kansas City, Missouri

(Telegram)

THIS is our answer to the question: "What is news?" News is whatever your readers want to know about.

THE MOBILE REGISTER

Mobile, Alabama

By Frederick I. Thompson, Editor

YOUR question, "What is news?" would be of easier answering if Webster had made a distinction between actual and real. The newspaper that prints actual news seldom gets anywhere; the one that prints the real—the essence—can be found leading in civic endeavor and community promotion. I confess that my interpretation of what is real news may border closely on manufactured news, and there would come the danger line between the sensational newspaper and the one which holds its character and reputation as of first consideration and value. The discriminative judgment between actual, real, and manufactured news is the final answer to the capability of a managing editor. May I illustrate? A railroad with terminals at Mobile revised an export tariff under which for years it had operated, and under which it gave equal rates on ship-side delivery at all docks, the change to provide ship-side delivery only at docks owned or controlled by the railroad. That was the actual news of the tariff revision. The real news was that such change in the tariff worked discrimination against the docks

on some seventy-five per cent of the water-front of Mobile. The publication of what my interpretation calls the real news resulted in the leading commercial body of the city filing protest and a crystallization of public opinion to such extent as to give hope that the original tariff basis will be restored and the port of Mobile thus benefited. This was the dominant news feature of the community for weeks. How would the publication of merely the actual news have resulted? Normally a change in tariff is worth—ten lines; to any other city this particular tariff was, as news, not worth mention. But our policy of interpretation resulted in our staff digging out the real news, and what was made real, vital news for the "Register" was of obscure value to other newspapers. In the "Register" office we have presumed to make distinction between that which is actual and that which is real. Webster to the contrary notwithstanding.

St. Paul Dispatch

St. Paul, Minnesota

By J. J. Schindler, Managing Editor

NEWS is that part of what happened in the world to-day, what was said and done, in which I am interested. The editor's problem is to multiply me by you and divide by the number of columns. News is not what I ought to know or what the editor thinks I ought to know, but what I want to know. It may not be improving or instructive; if it interests me, it is news. News is not necessarily history. History always is worth while; the trivial may be news. A little child sitting beside a Justice of the United States Supreme Court recently, during the argument of a case, got more space in the newspapers than the case that was being argued. Though infinitely less important than the case, it interested more people and therefore was better news.

It is not news unless it is so. If it is not true it is fiction, and can not be news. Truth means accuracy in every detail. But news need not measure up to "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The naked truth seldom is good news; it is too uninteresting. Proper emphasis is necessary, to make news of facts. A table of vital statistics is news only to the sociologist or the physician, and worth possibly a short paragraph in a magazine. But emphasize that it shows an increase in infant mortality, and it is news. Put the accent on the cause, a diphtheria epidemic, resulting from unsanitary tenements, and it is better news. Emphasize the neglect of officials in permitting such conditions or the lives they saved by their skill in promptly checking the epidemic, and you have news that interests the friends or the opponents of the administration. Add to the figures from the health office the records of the register of deeds, and you may put a black, double-leaded front page accent on another evidence of a plutocrat squeezing dollars out of human lives. It is all a matter of emphasis.

News is not advertising. News grinds no man's ax. It is not news if it sharpens the ax of party of politician, department store or corporation, silk stocking or rabble, editor's crony or reporter's friend. There is neither favor nor profit in news.

There is ethics in news, and there is not. Much raking is better news if it is the advance-guard of a reform. But not everything that serves a good purpose is news; and an item may be news even though its effect be not beneficial. Whether the telling of crime and scandal and prying personality is beneficial or harmful is not the test. Its news value is determined by the result of the editor's problem—how many of his readers it interests. Anything that enough people want to read is news, provided it does not violate the canons of good taste and the laws of libel.

While Your Legislators Tell Them You Want Primary

The Des Moines Capital

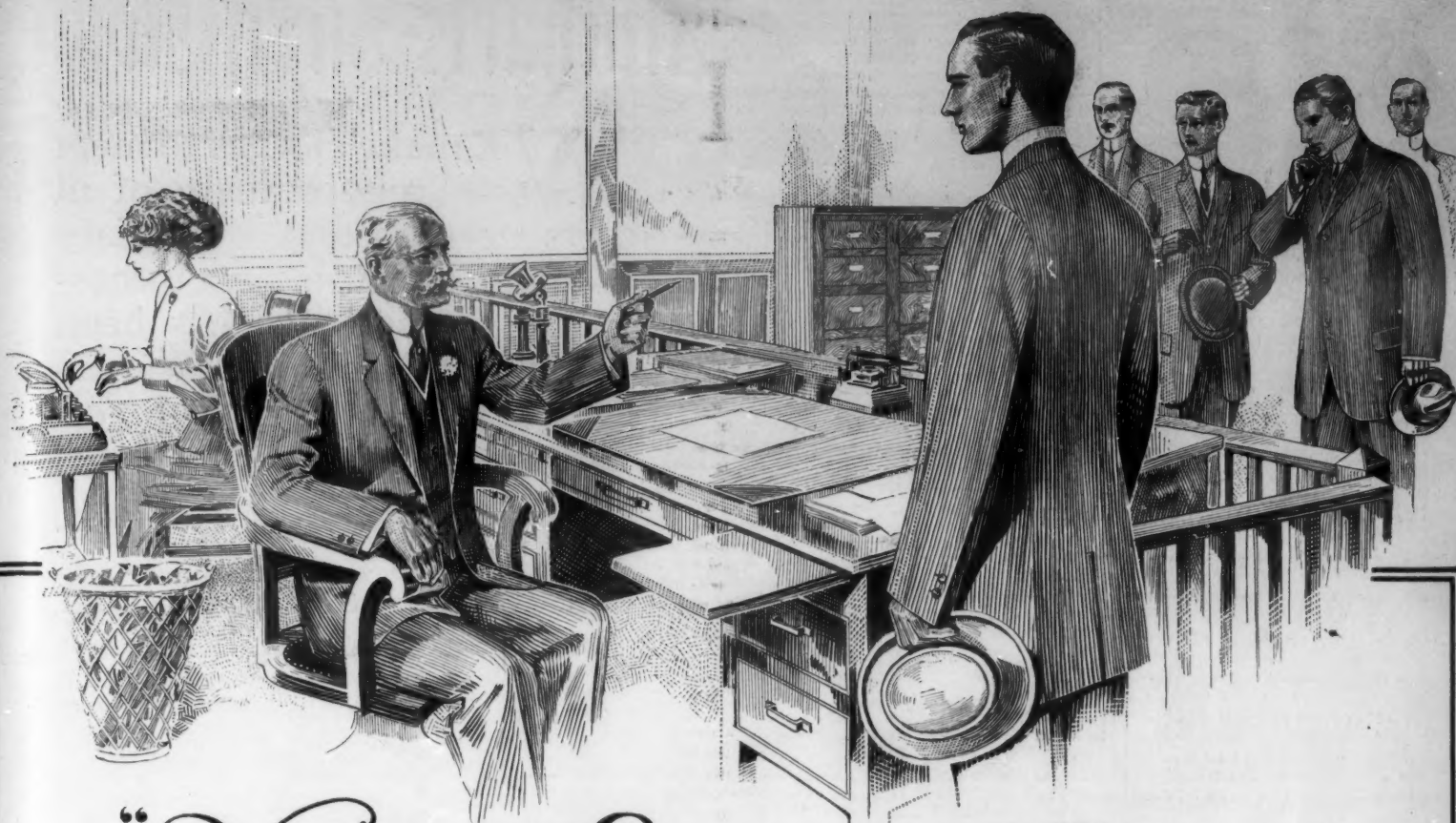
Des Moines, Iowa

By W. C. Jarnagin, Managing Editor

NEWS is anything that happens in which the people are interested. Many might wish to add as a saving clause, that traditional statement of Charles A. Dana—"if it is fit to print." But in the daily dealings of a newspaper practically every event can be made fit to print if it is of sufficient interest to the people to warrant its publication.

No one will dispute that the biggest news is such world-wide events as the election of a President, the death of a king, or the San Francisco earthquake.

(Continued on page 23)



"You're Engaged!"?

to whom

The Merchant-Tailored Man Gets The Position

THIS is just a leaf from *every-day* life. In office or drawing-room, the man who dresses *with an individuality all his own* is singled out for preferment from the *look-alike* "many." He makes a way for *himself* and others make way for *him*. His card of admission is *on his back*. Behind him are the *poise* and *power* that spring from *personality*. He's "the man that makes a *dent*"—the "get-there" type that wears

Kahn - Tailored - Clothes

Thousands of men, who covet the *merchant-tailored* "air," are denying themselves this precious privilege because they *mis-suppose* that tailoring-to-measure costs *more* than "ready-mades." In truth, the prices of Kahn-Tailored-Clothes—\$20 to \$45—are the *same* that you must pay for any *good* "ready-mades" and *less* than for *local* "tailor-mades." There's a difference, but it is in what you *get*, not in what you *pay*.

This Is What You Get:

- (1) Tailoring that is *just as personal* in its service as any local tailor's and in which the *personal element* is never lost sight of.
- (2) Tailoring that is an individual reflex of *you*—that "*melts with*" and *blends into* your character and characteristics.
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"Smile"

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Moths

(Continued from page 20)

"The soul of one of her ancestors!" he explained in a tone of surprise. "They've come one after another—thousands of them—and they mean business! Thank God they don't come in swarms!" He covered his face at the thought. "That night they kept flying against the glass outside—tapping. I couldn't stand it—had to go closer and watch. I could hear their feet pattering on the glass! And their eyes drew me—full of vengeance. You see, they wanted to hold my attention, because while I was watching, one of them got into the room some way and nearly frightened me to death! Their feet stick to you!" The man shuddered from head to foot, and bit his hand.

"I left Singapore," he went on abruptly. "It was no use—and I preferred to be alone. It didn't matter where I went—I happened to come down here."

I REGARDED him seriously, thinking as hard as I could. "My dear fellow," I said at last, "this is a hallucination. You must fight that—not the moths. You must come away."

"Where?" he asked.

"There must be some place where these—these moths can't live," I answered. "At sea—in some cold climate."

He interrupted me impatiently. "Is there any place where a man can't regret?" he said.

Then I saw the truth, what he was really fighting. Symbolism! Ah, wise and ancient East! Was it for me to meddle? He had decided that it wasn't for him even!

"You might calk up the cracks," I proposed. "Make the house tight—"

"I've tried," he said. "They push it in!"

"Nonsense!" I expostulated. "That's because the bamboo is so slippery."

"You think so?" he asked, with that same weary, doomed air. "I've watched it fall, and a moth creep in. Maybe they do it themselves—or else fingers—"

"The natives, of course!" I fairly shouted. "They told me that they were in the habit of spying on you."

He shook his head. "The natives don't come now," he said. "They're afraid."

I resolved to remain ashore till morning. No one could have left that man alone with his fear. And, to be perfectly frank with you, I wouldn't have retraced that mile of jungle-path in the dark for a whole fleet of *Omegas*! I wasn't afraid—only nervous. My soul clung to one lamp on a rickety table as a man outside a harbor hangs onto the light till dawn.

I PERSUADED the man to lie down, and promised to keep a sharp watch. To pass the time, I busied myself with calking the few open cracks in the front wall of the hut; the other three walls had been treated thoroughly. I stuffed away with an old knife till I'd used all the available rags. "That'll keep the infernal moths out for him!" I growled to myself. Then I went back to the table and sat down. Time dragged on slowly. I fell to examining the array of moths that he'd captured. Some of them were still alive. They seemed to be quietly observing me! I moved to one side; the eyes followed. "The souls of her ancestors—what a notion!" I muttered. "My God, they are uncanny things!" I glanced around, and found that the man was sleeping. Loneliness settled on the room. I listened, my eyes roamed about, every sense felt strangely alert. Moths, moths—in the brain! I didn't wonder; a dozen nights like that would drive any man mad.

All at once a faint breeze sighed about the house, and before my eyes a section of the window barrier fell inboard, leaving a blank hole.

I started up. A brown moth sailed through the opening, and came toward me. At the same moment my common sense spoke rapidly. "The breeze blew in a loose window-plug," it said. "A moth saw the light, and flew toward it. Sit down and behave yourself!" Thus spoke my common sense. I sat down. By Jove, yes—*experiment*—that was the thing to do. The moth circled high above my head; it vanished among the shadows. The next instant I felt it behind my ear. Common sense moved away, still talking. "Sit tight!" it advised me. "See what the moth will do." I kept my seat—by no small effort, let me tell you. The soft wings brushed my neck. Then it rose, wheeled, and suddenly dashed into my face. The strength of the blow was surprising. The hairy feet tickled my lips—clung tightly, as if they'd been dipped in glue! Common sense fled.

Exactly what happened I don't know. I remember that I shrieked, and thrashed about considerably with my arms. When I recovered myself I was standing in the middle of the floor, and the moth lay at my

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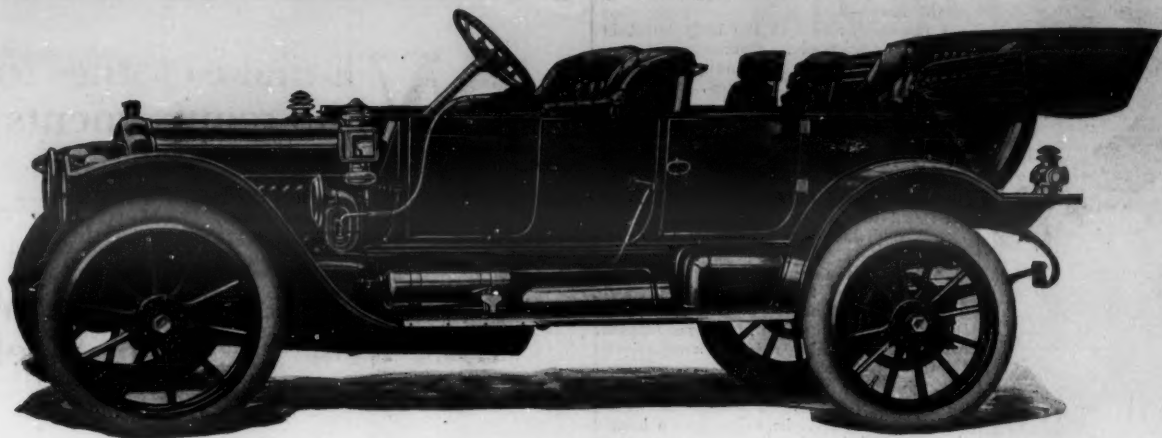
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feet. I held the towel in my hand, folded once lengthwise. Beads of cold sweat ran down my forehead.

"What made you try it?" asked the man behind me in a horror-stricken voice. "It might have—"

I stamped, and felt the body burst beneath my boot-sole. Common sense returned, clad in skeptical indignation. "It might have what?" I snapped. "Use your reason! Simply because I'm dressed in white—"

"I hope I haven't got you mixed up in it!" he remarked cheerfully.

"Tommyrot!" I cried. "If I believed what you do, I'd tie a rock around my neck and jump overboard!"

"I'd only find it worse—there," he said.

DURING the remainder of my trip to Singapore, the man and his tragic fate were constantly before my mind. Every offer to take him away was refused. And so the morning after this experience I left him on the beach. "When I pass through Banca again I'll look you up," I promised in parting. "I'll be on the watch—if I'm still here," he said. In an hour's time the point had melted into the coastline astern. I felt as if I'd come back into another world.

The more I thought of the case, the more I marveled. The man was undoubtedly cursed. To you and me he was cursed by his own conscience, by remorse. That's as far as we go—as far as we dare go. And we can't even define conscience or remorse. For all we know, conscience may be the actual embodiment of the wrong done. Will you affirm that it's never visible? And if not, why? These powers of love and hate—what are they? They're not of the body; they're of the soul. And only her body died. My friend, it's easier to believe that moths are the spirits of the dead than that any woman could forget her love!

I didn't stop long in Singapore. A chance to run down to Sourabaya for coffee came my way, not much of an offer financially, but it would take me back into the Java Sea. I snapped it up. In less than a month I again entered Banca Straits, bound south this time, and dropped anchor under the point by the Brom-Broms one afternoon about four o'clock.

A canoe put off from shore at once, paddling like mad. I half-expected to see my friend in it, but there were three natives instead, breathless and very much excited.

"You are to come quickly!" they shouted alongside. "He waits—"

"Then he's alive!" I said with inexplicable relief. "What has happened?"

They made gestures of dismay. "We do not know!" they cried. "To-day he came to us, and gave directions for the digging of a grave. We were to go to his house in the morning. He said that we would find him dead. Then the ship was seen; and since he has waited. We were told to bring you without fail."

This was more than I'd bargained for! I called my mate. "Mr. Hunter," I said, "I'll probably be ashore all night. Be ready to get under way early to-morrow morning."

THE natives landed me in the lee of the point, directly in front of my friend's house. The door stood open; the place seemed deserted. "Where is he?" I demanded, the possibility of foul play entering my head. The words hadn't passed my lips when the man dashed out of the jungle path and stumbled toward me.

"Thank God!" he gasped. "I thought you'd land at the village. I ran—"

"It was such an urgent call that I came in here," I explained.

"If ever a man prayed in his life—" he cried. "When they sighted you, I didn't allow myself to hope! But you made in—and then I recognized your vessel—I won't be alone!"

"Is anything wrong—anything new?" I inquired.

"The brown moths stopped coming last night!" he said.

I took him by the arm and led him inside. He followed submissively; that same unnatural calm that I'd noticed before seemed to have taken possession of his senses. Alone with me, he sat down and began snapping his teeth together, breaking out now and then into fragmentary speech. By these snatches I got an account of his last month. He'd been fighting moths—fighting moths. The night before, he'd lighted his lamp as usual, and laid the folded towel beside it on the table—he used to dampen the towel so that he could strike a harder blow. No moths came. He told me that he prayed for them to come; he opened the door wide, he uncalked the windows. He'd got used to the brown moths, he knew what they were, he wanted them. But they'd deserted him. At last he realized that it was a sign. "I sat down—" he said. "My soul retreated to a pin-point!" What was he saying? I asked myself. Retreated where? Along the dim aisles of the imagination, through



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the empty, appalling caverns of the brain? I seemed to see it—a white figure, terrified, lost in gloom, in the great spaces—a pin-point, far away. The dawn of that morning had found him still waiting, still alive.

"By daylight I could think," he said. His face had grown years older since I'd last seen him. "I didn't want to lie here—so went over to the village and made preparations—"

"Now you're talking like a fool!" I broke out. "How do you know that they haven't stopped altogether? This may be your reward."

He gave me a long, sad glance. "Did I reward her?" he said.

NIGHT had fallen while we talked. I started to make a light, but the man's hand fell on my arm. "No, no!" he begged. "Not yet—I can't bear it! We'll wait." He left me to close the door; and all at once I felt afraid to be alone with him in the dusk. But that was silly; what he needed more than anything was sympathy. Soon he returned, took the chair beside me, and fumbled for my hand. Poor chap, how hard he grasped it when I'd made out what he wanted!

"You've been fixing the window," I said at last, to take up his mind.

"Covered it with oiled paper yesterday," he answered abstractedly. "I didn't know then—"

"Why won't you come away with me?" I demanded. "You'll be all right aboard the ship. I can put you in a room—"

He interrupted me with a decisive gesture. "You don't understand!" he cried for the fortieth time. "There's a price to be paid."

I felt that it was useless. And now that I think of it, why did my heart sink as if all had been lost? I can't tell; the man obsessed me—the very air of that room was charged with irrationality. But I suppose I had a vague notion that he was liable at any moment to go quite mad.

To fill in the time, I talked. Now I saw that he heard me, now I caught him listening for something else. He was a pleasant companion! Nine o'clock passed—ten o'clock. The pauses grew more frequent. An awful depression settled on the room, a weird stillness, a sort of stagnation of the living world. I couldn't stand the dark any longer.

He made no demur when I lit the lamp. His face seemed very white, but beyond that I detected no change in his appearance. Then we sat on in the suspended silence, our eyes meeting furtively from time to time.

It must have been near midnight when my friend suddenly gripped my knee. "Listen!" he whispered. "What was that?" I held myself rigid. Not a leaf rattled in the jungle, not a breath of wind stirred. A tapping sound came to my ears.

"Do you hear it?" the man asked hoarsely.

I nodded, listening intently. The sound was rapid and uneven, like a loose branch snapping in a breeze. I got up, followed it, and found myself before the window. On the oiled paper I could make out a spot, a blur, as something nosed against it outside. I heard the faint buzzing of wings.

"It's only a moth trying to get in," I said, turning back toward the room.

A GREAT transformation came over my friend. He controlled himself, sat bolt upright, and tossed his head with a determined motion, as if throwing obstacles aside. I saw him clench his hands till white spots showed on the knuckles. Then he stood up steadily, and faced me across the table.

A stroke of asinine perception was vouchsafed me. "The brown moths have returned!" I cried.

"No!" he said. "Now I begin to see."

"What? For God's sake, what?" I exclaimed, startled by his tone.

"Don't worry," he answered. All at once he came around the table and stretched out his hand. "I've been weak," he said. "Please take into account that I was in hell."

"Hold on—!" I shouted, without waiting for more.

He gazed into my eyes as if he'd never stop. "Good-by," he said; "you were good to come."

Then he left me standing by the table and went to the door. For the price of heaven I couldn't have interfered. I saw it all clearly; and yet I sometimes think that my life must have stopped for a short space. The man himself dazed me as much as the extraordinary dénouement. He was evidently laboring under some fearful strain; his movements were deliberate and forced, as if controlled by an immense effort of the will. He grasped the door firmly with both hands, and threw it open.

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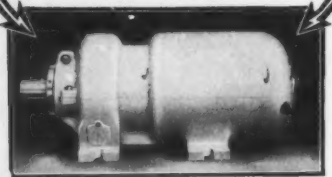
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and held out his arms toward it. All fear had left his face; I thought that he must have been handsome once. The great moth circled slowly in a narrowing spiral above his head. He didn't try to strike it; he had found a better way. His eyes were undaunted, he stretched out his hands without a tremor for the gift men never seek. The moth wheeled closer—shadowed his face—I heard a sigh, a sharp intake of the breath. The man's arms dropped; his body relaxed into a shapeless heap on the floor.

Some time must have gone by unnoticed. All at once my comprehension awoke, like a surge of blood to the head, and with it a nameless something that was the most outrageous sensation I ever experienced. My hand fell on the folded towel; with one tremendous blow I mashed that moth against the man's face! It tumbled to the floor with wings still extended—disclosing what I feared.

I knelt beside my friend's body, feeling for his heart. It had stopped beating. I suppose the effort had been too great; I suppose the strain on his nerves, the shock—I suppose, I suppose!—oh, what do I suppose? I only know that he had been a very brave man, and that he was dead.

So I laid him on the floor in front of the table, and crossed his hands on his breast. Then I sat down to examine the moth. Its size was enormous; the wings measured eight inches from tip to tip. They were iridescent, delicate, altogether lovely; they flanked a pair of the wildest and most evil eyes I ever looked into! Those eyes will haunt me to my grave; a red, slumbering gleam lurked in them, a fluorescent shadow, a baleful glow. I put the lamp on the floor so that I'd have plenty of light, took an old shoe, and completely demolished that moth. Somehow, I couldn't bear to leave the body alone with it.

Later in the night I steeled myself sufficiently to go to the village. I ran all the way. There I gave money to the natives, and commanded them under threat of a terrible curse to bury my late friend.

What is News?

(Continued from page 22)

But with the exception of items of this character, the best news is that which has a constructive or creative value. Creative in this sense does not mean the work of imagination. It means news that produces results, that builds up cities and States, that makes boosters of the newspaper readers. This class of news must be put up in such fashion that the people are interested. The more they are interested the more it is news. Divorces, scandals, and crimes are news. They have a value in direct proportion to the prominence of the persons involved. They interest the readers, and there is a place for them in the making of a newspaper. But such affairs, while news, can not be classed as big news, because they have no constructive value.

Recently COLLIER'S published a letter from a woman who told of her family of two living on \$600 per year. Was this news? Emphatically, yes. If it had not been, the dozens of letters from the readers of the paper would not have poured in upon COLLIER'S. The "Capital" some weeks ago started a similar discussion on why Iowa lost in population, another on the cost of living, another on whether pastors should be applauded in the pulpits. The letters that reached the office on these subjects indicated that they interested the readers and had an intense news value.

Broadly speaking, newspaper stories are of most value that most interest the women. When you hear women discussing a happening as depicted in a newspaper, you need not hesitate to say that the story in question is of real news value. Woman's fashions, however, could hardly be classed as important news unless sufficiently unique and striking to interest the men readers as well. Stories that affect the pocketbook are news—prices of food, profits, cost of living articles, methods of taxation, and such.

While routine events are frequently news, people are more often interested in the attendant incidents. There is a place in the real newspaper for the routine of the world's events, but nine times out of ten the routine can be subjugated profitably to the incidents which bear upon it.

THE NEWS LEADER
Richmond, Virginia

By J. G. A. Montague, Managing Editor
NEWS is anything people will talk about. The more it will excite their comment the greater its value.

The human hive buzzes over a catastrophe—that is why it gets the flaring headlines; a few only are interested in a lodge election—that is why it gets the one-line head; yet each is news, for each tells of

Watch these cars multiplying in the streets of every leading city

Fortunate is that manufacturer whose product wins the immediate good will of the American people.

Wherever the Hupp-Yeats Electric is seen for the first time, people stare, stop, and express their admiration.

Standing in front of stores, homes, and business blocks, you will see them in every large city surrounded by interested spectators.

The beauty of the Hupp-Yeats was the first of its qualifications to capture public appreciation.

But this first delight is as nothing compared to the solid satisfaction of the inquirer when the simplicity of the operative principles of the car are made clear.

You find straightway, for instance, that the driving-qualities are unique—a system which sends the power straight from the motor to the rear axle, through a single set of gears, by direct drive.

Obviously this means economy in current—as does the saving of 400 pounds in the weight over the average electric. The Hupp-Yeats weighs that much less than is usual, and yet its chassis is of pressed steel, so strong that no shock can disturb it.

Looking to the motor you find a Westinghouse. Coming to the battery you find the celebrated Exide. Examining the bearings you find them of the finest imported annular type throughout. Studying the wheelbase you find that it is generously long, 86 inches.

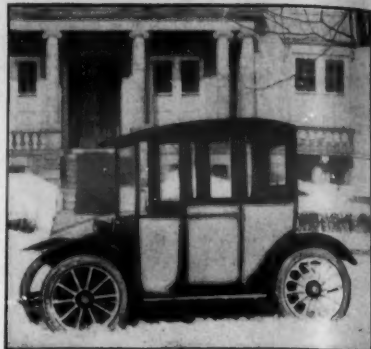
Following this up with an inquiry into the speed, you find that the Hupp-Yeats is capable of 17 to 20 miles per hour; and a mileage range, per charge of the battery, of 75 to 90 miles in the ordinary, every-day driving by the average user.

You can not conceive anything softer or finer or more luxurious than its hand-buffed leather upholstery; or anything richer than the coach-work.

With all these superiorities revealed, you are naturally astonished to find that the price is only \$1750; and this turns your desire for possession into eagerness to have one of the cars as quickly as it can be delivered to you.

HUPP-YEATS CO., Dept. T, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Branches in the following cities: Detroit—Woodward and Warren Aves. Chicago—1509 Michigan Ave. Cleveland—2039 Euclid Ave. Kansas City—34th St. and Broadway. Minneapolis—1334 Nicollet Ave.



A car of French design of the very latest fashion

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC \$1750

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Storage Battery—27 cells MV—11 Hycap—Exide in three trays. Capacity, 27 Amperes for 5 hours. Motor—Westinghouse. Type V-33 Vehicle motor. 48 Volts, 26 Amperes, 1600 to 1700 R. P. M. Series wound. Controller—Westinghouse, type 501-F2 vehicle motor controller, continuous torque type; five speeds forward and two reverse. Tires—Goodyear Long Distance No-Rim-Cut Electric tires, selected because of their efficiency and durability.

Up to this period of your investigation you have found that no electric carriage you have ever seen has excelled the Hupp-Yeats.

You are charmed with the French design of the low-hung, graceful body, which permits the occupants to step practically on a level to the sidewalk.

That is what we meant, when we said above that the Hupp-Yeats had won the immediate good will of the American people.

Every car we can build is spoken for in advance. Many cities have not, as a result, been equipped with branch or agency representation.

If this condition prevails in your home town, it would be well for you to get in touch with the factory at once.

THE ORIGINAL SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

10 Years of Public Approval

GENUINE Merit is the only thing that stands the test of time. Such merit the public has always found in the President Suspender. The special construction, the best materials, perfect workmanship and positive assurance that we repair, replace or refund the price in case of any dissatisfaction—have all had a part in winning and holding our patronage during many years.

**Satisfaction
Guaranteed
or money back**

Our Confidence in Merit

WHEN we decided upon placing the Shirley Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back on every pair, we knew that the President Suspender must be beyond criticism in every part. Bigger sales each season and a dwindling and minute percentage of complaints confirm our confidence.

Insist on the Shirley Guarantee when buying suspenders

Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

1718 Main Street - Shirley, Mass.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Adds to the Profits of Wholesale Houses

The third of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. The first two dealt with retailing and transportation. Others will follow—but don't wait. Write us now for the application to your line of business.

WITH selling-margins shaved as close as they are in the wholesale business, there are practically but two ways in which a jobber can increase his profits: by selling more goods, or by reducing expense. The Multigraph will increase the profits of almost any wholesale house, in both ways—to an extent that will seem incredible until you see it demonstrated.

The Multigraph is a multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press that requires about the space of an ordinary typewriter-desk. It can be operated by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office.

At the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour it produces typewritten forms and real printing—both of proven profit-making efficiency in getting more business and in reducing expense. For example:

Selling More Goods

MULTIGRAPHED letters are a quick and effective means of communication from house to road-men—general orders or instructions, ginger letters, advices of new goods, points in salesmanship, stock-lists, notices of price-changes, and the like. Planned with the same sort of wisdom that has brought your business to its present point, and sent out with the facility the Multigraph assures, such letters will make the road-men better business-producers.

Multigraphed letters are also a remarkably effective way of gaining new customers and tying old customers to you more closely than ever before. You can multigraph the letters to match your typewriter ribbon, and even match them to the touch of the operator who fills in the name and address. In this personal manner you can convey news of special drives, job lots, and new arrivals; furnish market reports, selling-helps, price-quotations; make it impossible for the retailer to forget you.

Multigraph printing is another help to more business. It is real printing, with real printing-ink; and by means of electrotypes you can print cuts or any size or style of type you wish, in a manner creditable to a good printer. You can imprint your address on the advertising sent you by manufacturers. You can print your own advertising—circulars, folders, letter-slips, bill-stuffers and booklets—and you can gauge the importance of these things when you remember that the wholesaler must rely much more than the manufacturer or retailer upon direct mail advertising.

Reducing Expense

ALMOST any wholesale house can make the Multigraph pay for itself in a short time by the saving in printing alone. It will save 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost of stationery and system-forms—letter-heads, bill-heads, envelopes, order-blanks, shipping-tickets, time-cards—in quantities as small as you like.

You don't have to make big runs to secure low cost; don't have to carry a big reserve stock of printed-matter; don't run so much risk of loss through obsolete forms. You can reprint any form quicker than you'd get it from the printer—and to save time is to save money.

How The H. B. Claffin Co. Uses the Multigraph

THE engraving at the left shows reproductions of Multigraph printing and typewriting produced by the H. B. Claffin Company, New York City—one of the largest wholesale drygoods houses in the country.

They show a business-getting use of the Multigraph in the typewritten letter to customers. Multigraph money-saving is represented by the blanks—shipping-ticket, parcel-pass, return-slip, janitor's weekly report, and two styles of order-blanks.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

You'll see the reason when you read our free booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph." Write for it today, on your business stationery. With it, if you are in an executive position, we shall be glad to send some more definite suggestions that apply directly to your business. Upon request we shall also be glad to send our booklet describing the Universal Folding-Machine for office use. It makes all customary folds for letters, circulars and booklets at a cost of 2c to 3c a thousand folds, as against hand-folding cost of 10c to 45c a thousand.

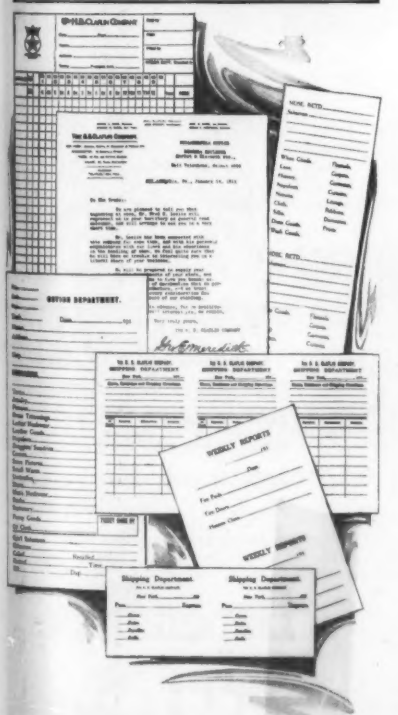
THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory
1818 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

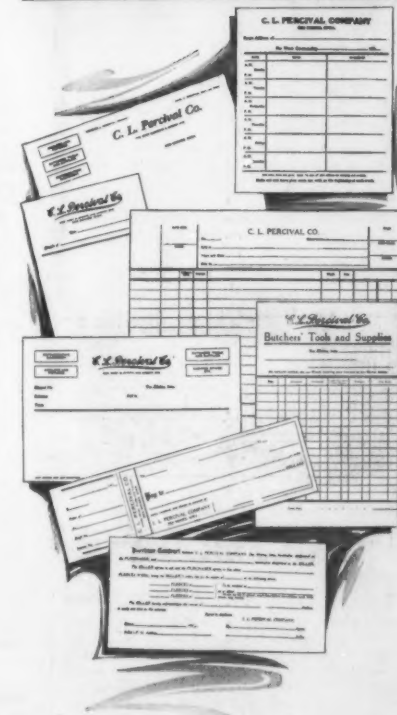
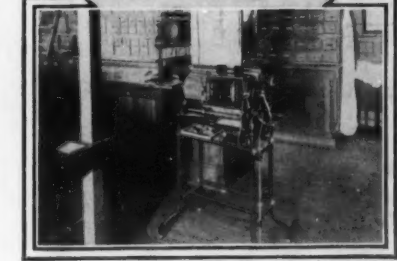
BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Oakland, Cal.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; Scranton, Pa.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.; Winnipeg, Man.

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen St., London, E.C., England

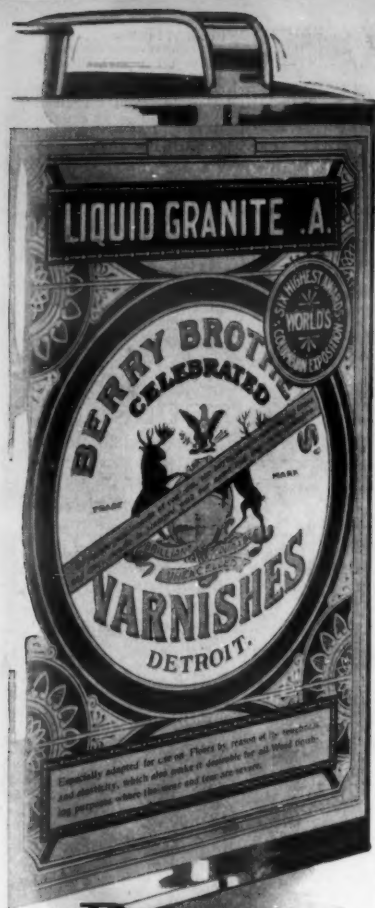
IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



The H. B. Claffin Co., New York; their building, Multigraph room, and specimens of Multigraph work



The C. L. Percival Co., Des Moines; their building, Multigraph, and specimens of their Multigraph printing



Berry Brothers' Varnishes

FOR ALL KNOWN PURPOSES

FOR ALL
MANUFACTURING
PURPOSES

There are about 300 different classes of manufacturers—from the locomotive builder to the manufacturer of pins—who profit by using Berry Brothers' products. If your money is paying the varnish bills in any of these 300 you ought to know where the profit opportunities come in.

You ought to take a personal interest in the selection of the varnish, shellac, japan, lacquer or stain, and know whether you are getting all you can out of your finishing department in quality of finish, economy and speed.

These may be subjects in which you have never before taken a personal interest, but they merit your investigation—as you can readily discover by sending for a copy of our booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

FOR ALL
ARCHITECTURAL
PURPOSES

Every home owner, every owner and operator of large buildings, every architect and master painter can make his varnishing yield more satisfaction and greater economy if he will use or specify the four architectural varnishes listed below.

Get Berry Brothers' Label permanently fixed in your mind and always see that it is in evidence wherever your money is paying for the varnishing.

Liquid Granite:—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

Luxeberry Wood Finish:—For the finest rubbed or polished finish or interior woodwork.

Elastic Interior Finish:—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

Elastic Outside Finish:—For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

Any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes.

"Choosing Your Varnish Maker" tells about them in detail, besides giving other information of real interest to all varnish users.

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

Largest Manufacturers of

Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers
Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.
Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

human activity. Action makes news; there is no news in passivity. News is the actual, not the imaginative; it is the dramatic, not the ordinary. Salable news is spun of facts, accurately and yet attractively.

When the circulation books fail to show steady growth as the result of a paper's news policy, that policy must be studied, and, if necessary, revised. This assumes that the paper is a business proposition, not an endowed organ or a subsidized mouthpiece.

Principles governing the legitimate newspaper business of to-day are little different from those governing other manufacturing enterprises. We gather news, re-handle it, and sell it, and the public is in the market to buy where it can get the most and the best for its money. Like the merchant of other wares, we select a line of goods that will attract the class of patronage we have set out to win.

Of course, every newspaper carries quantities of matter not strictly news. There is a percentage of magazine stuff and illustrated feature matter. "News story" does not necessarily mean criminal story. A rounded newspaper must take just as much care to report the price of eggs as it does to cover a beastly murder.

No legitimate news is brought in by the muckraker. A newspaper, like a policeman, should have a warrant for what it does. However, when there is a fight on for something the people who support the paper require and should have, that paper is untrue to its recognized obligations that does not lead the battle. Publicity has more terror for rascals and weaklings than the police. The semipublic functions of the newspaper are well established.

The news should be presented vividly, but with judicial impartiality. The public, in the long run, will learn to discount and to distrust throughout the paper that is palpably editorial in its headlines and biased in its report of known occurrences.

Editorial writers, by intelligent cooperation, can make the news columns much more attractive by throwing informative and interpretative side-lights upon them. The modern newspaper is the product of many minds coherently ordered. Here is where the all-important question of the personality of the paper comes in; for it is by the owner's selection of men, their organization, and his choice of policy that he shapes the character of the paper, determines the quality of the output, and develops the strength of its appeal for public favor.

COLLIER'S will find news as hard to standardize as life.

San Francisco Chronicle.

CALIFORNIA AGAIN SCORES IN CONTEST FOR PANAMA EXPOSITION

By John P. Young, Managing Editor

THERE is really no trouble in deciding what is news; the difficulty arises when it comes to a determination of what is to be printed and in what form it is to be presented. If what are called newspapers were governed solely by the desire to print the news, editors would soon evolve a method of rating its importance; but they are not. The chief effort of most editors takes another direction. They are more concerned to make their papers interesting than valuable. They seek to extend their circulation, and, in doing so, they are quite ready to abandon the function of printing the news.

It must be obvious to the most superficial investigator of the subject that the occurrence of a great calamity, or the perpetration of a crime under sensational circumstances, does not suspend man's activities throughout the entire world. If, however, at some future day historians have occasion to examine the daily paper of the present, they will be forced to conclude that such was the case. The murder of a President, a particularly thrilling aviation meet, a wreck with great loss of life, occupy so much space that little room is left for the narration of events which ordinarily are accorded prominence.

The editor does not resort to this course because he considers the rejected news as unimportant; he does so because he knows that the account of the sensational event will prove absorbingly interesting to his readers, and that they will never miss that which has been discarded. In other words, he seeks to entertain, and in his efforts to do so he does not ask whether what he prints is instructive or elevating.

The modern daily newspaper does not accurately mirror passing events. If the men who edit attempted to make a paper justifying such a claim, they would have their labor for their pains. The result would be a condensation as uninteresting as an index, and if the matter were arranged so as to permit the reader to consult it as one does a chronological record, not one item in ten would be read.

The making of a newspaper has become an art, and that art is not the determina-

30



The Pennsylvania Station

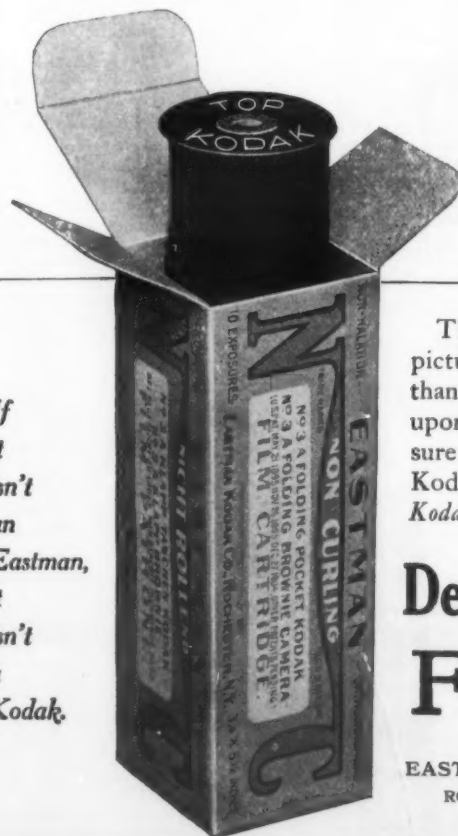
This is the Main Entrance to the magnificent new granite station located in the

Heart of New York City
One Block from Broadway
At 32d Street

used by all through trains between New York and Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and the West; and between New York and Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Atlanta, New Orleans, Florida, and the South, over the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Apply to any Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania System, or connecting lines, for tickets, time of trains, and Pullman reservations.



If
it
isn't
an
Eastman,
it
isn't
a
Kodak.

The success of your pictures depends, more than upon anything else, upon your film. Be sure when you load your Kodak that it is with Kodak Film, the

Dependable FILM

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
The Kodak City.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



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When buying Jap-a-lac, recall
There is no substitute at all.

There is no "just the same." Insist on Jap-a-lac. It's a trade mark. You can't "Jap-a-lac" with anything else. Look for the name "Glidden" if you are looking for satisfaction.

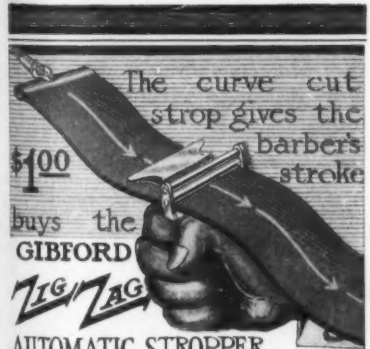
JAP-A-LAC
Made in 18 Colors and Natural (Clear) Renews Everything from Cellar to Garret

"You can't keep house without it."

For hardwood floors; for restoring linoleum and oil cloth; for wainscoting rooms; for re-coating worn-out tin and zinc bath tubs; for brightening woodwork of all sorts; for coating pantry shelves and kitchen tables; for varnishing pictures (when thinned with turpentine) and gilding picture frames and radiators; for restoring go-carts and wagons; for decorating flower pots; and jardiniere stands; for re-painting trunks; for enameling sinks; for restoring chairs, tables, iron beds, book cases, and for a thousand and one uses, all of which are described and explained in a little book which you can have for a little request on a post card.

There is at least one Jap-a-lac dealer in every town in America. All sizes, 20c to \$3.00.

The Glidden Varnish Company
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Ontario
Branches—New York, Chicago



Complete with Fine Horsehide Strop
One Model Strops Every Standard Make of Safety Razor Blade

Slip the blade into the holder, move it back and forth a few times and presto!—you have a blade ready for a luxuriously clean, easy shave—no more dull blades, no more expense for new blades.

The Zig Zag completes your shaving outfit. Easy to buy, easy to use, easy to carry with you when you travel. The strop is made of fine horsehide by experts in our own factory. The large loop at end of strop makes it convenient to hang anywhere. You pay much more for stropplers that will not do the work nearly so well as the Zig Zag.

Sold by leading druggists, hardware and other dealers in U. S., \$1.00; in foreign countries, \$1.50, or sent prepaid from factory on receipt of price. Send for free booklet, "No More Dull Blades for Me."

Gibford Specialty Co.
55 East Fort Street
Detroit, Mich.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME
Ventriloquist's Double Throat
Loads of Fun
Double Throat Co., Dept. J, Frenchtown, N. J.

tion of the value of news. If it were, an untrained college professor might edit a paper as successfully as the most accomplished and experienced editor, for the educational equipment of the former would enable him to determine whether the text of an act of Congress was more important than an account of a case in a local court as readily as the latter.

The successful modern newspaper is the one whose editors aim at catching and retaining the popular fancy. The critics who are overflowing with suggestions for the improvement of the press would not take a paper conducted on the lines which they advise. They take the paper which prints the news, not as they say it ought to be printed, but as the editor sees fit to print it, and while condemning the editor's lack of the sense of proportion, they endorse his judgment by refusing to patronize journals that preserve that sense by declining to recognize the element of human interest.

THE SACRAMENTO BEE

Sacramento, California

By V. S. McClatchy, Publisher

THERE will always be differences of opinion between individual editors as to the news value of a particular item; but the real foundation for the answer to the question, "What is news?" must be found in the conditions and interests of the people for whom the news is gathered, rather than in the dictum of him who gathers it.

Any definition, however specific, must receive different interpretations as to the same item, even from the same individual—not only when applied in different localities but also when applied to different newspapers, or periodicals, in the same locality, but serving different clientele.

It is conceded that the average newspaper man's conception of news has steadily broadened during the past twenty years and is still broadening. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that he is learning to relate its value more to the interests of the reader and less to the opinion of the editor.

The "Bee's" definition of news is: accurate and timely intelligence of happenings, discoveries, opinions, and matters of any sort which affect or interest the reading people of its territory—superior California (comprising practically the upper half of the State), southern Oregon, and western Nevada.

This definition, it is seen, is a very broad one, and may be made to include everything, from an account of a hanging to a course in Esperanto. The "Bee's" territory is a large one with diverse characteristics, resources, industries, and wants. The "Bee's" news policy, too, is unusual, if not unique, in that it aims to produce in the same edition a local newspaper for each of the ninety-five towns and villages in which it is delivered by carrier. These conditions produce, it may be thought, a complicated problem in the selection of subjects and items, and the apportionment of space, but it is readily solved by following a natural corollary from the definition, to wit: "That news is of most value which has greatest interest for, or most vitally concerns, the greatest number of 'Bee' readers, actual and prospective."

Of course, news is not news when it is distorted, colored, or one-sided. Some matter, and much detail, because of their character, are barred. But the general broad policy is maintained of exposing an ulcer to a cauterization rather than permitting it to fester in concealment. Modern conservation problems and judicious and honest muckraking, with the general good always in view, furnish the highest types of news.

From the "Bee's" standpoint the news conditions are ideal on any journal when a strange reporter, if competent and intelligent, can tell from the printed office rules just how to write any story, regardless of the wealth, position, or affiliations of the persons involved, and knows that it will be published practically as he wrote it. That can happen only when the news is handled under an undeviating and consistent policy with absolute impartiality and fairness, and where pull with the proprietor or editor is of as little value to an influential friend as to an unknown stranger.

The Evening Post.
Louisville, Kentucky

By B. G. Boyle, Managing Editor

THE first newspaper published in America (September 25, 1690) was entitled: "Public Occurrences Both Foreign and Domestic."

Only public occurrences were then news. "Public Occurrences" easily came in conflict with the authorities and was suppressed. (Concluded on page 33)

Banishes Night Fear

Says Detective W. J. Burns

"I HAVE in my possession a pistol of almost every known manufacture, which is an accumulation of the past twenty-five years. Recently I obtained one of your Savage Automatic Pistols and thoroughly tested it yesterday at Police Headquarters Target Practice, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, among whom were police officials of the City of Chicago and was surprised, as were those present, with the ease and accuracy with which it could be fired.

"In my opinion the Savage Automatic Pistol is the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home, because a woman can shoot it as expertly as a crack shot. It banishes night fear."

Get "The Tenderfoot's Turn" Quick

Other great gun men have made similar comments on the New Savage Automatic, including such as Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," Dr. Carver, W. A. Pinkerton, Walter Duncan, Major Sylvester. And Bat Masterson has even written a book about it, entitled "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Sent free for your dealer's name.

If you want to do the best thing you ever did for your home, you'll get a Savage Automatic before tonight. Savage Arms Co., 823 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Jackson

Model "31" Touring Car	\$2200
Model "41" Touring Car	1700
Model "38" Torpedo	1650
Model "35" Touring Car	1250
Model "30" Touring Car	1250
Model "29" Roadster	1000

Model "30" \$1250
Motor 4 x 4. Light power plant. 105 inch wheel base. Tires 32 x 3 1/2.

The Jackson "30" is a car of abundant power and absolute silence. Its motor is the "Jackson" unit power-plant—oil-tight and dust-proof. In this motor the valves are inclined at 45 degrees in the cylinder-heads, and operated by over-head cam shaft. This direct and positive valve action entirely eliminates noise. The valve operating mechanism is provided with such ample bearing surface that wear is practically impossible. Jackson motors run just as quietly the second ten thousand miles as the first. Jackson cars have always been built to stand hard, constant service.

It will interest you to see these features. Ask the nearest "Jackson" dealer about them.

Jackson Automobile Co.
Jackson, Mich.

TENTH YEAR

We will be glad to send you our Catalog "30" It gives a detailed description.

NO HILL TOO STEEP NO SAND TOO DEEP



The Average Man's Money

A Page for Investors

IN HIS article on this page Mr. Hines suggests the real significance of the recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission denying the application of the railroads for an increase of rates. In actual revenue the asked-for increase would have brought to six hundred and more roads only about \$27,000,000 a year; many important systems did not consider the increase important to their prosperity. But a favorable decision would have meant much to the roads in their financing plans—Mr. Hines explains this point clearly. Another side is contained in the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. On this page next week will appear an extract from the opinion written for the Commission by Mr. Lane and bearing on the financing of certain Western roads. Incredibly big is the railroad structure of the country. From an investor's angle, it overtops any other one factor, and it affects the value of his dollars in a dozen ways. Other brief papers on railroad securities by men of authority will follow Mr. Hines's article and the Commission's opinion.

\$100 Railroad Bonds

FOLLOWING its plan to stimulate interest in such securities, the "Financial World" has made up another list of \$100 bonds that might be useful to the small investor. The seven issues are:

Baltimore and Cumberland first 6s, due July, 1929. (Western Maryland System.)

New York and Greenwood Lake prior lien 5s, due May, 1946. First lien on 42 miles, Bergen Junction to Sterling Forest. Guaranteed principal and interest, by endorsement by the Erie Railroad.

Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville consolidated 6s, due April, 1921. Company owns 70 miles of road, Fonda to Northville, and Gloversville to Schenectady.

Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway first mortgage 4s, due February, 1951 (\$100 in registered certificates only).

Maine Central (New York, New Haven and Hartford System) first consolidated 5s, due April, 1912, and first 7s, due April, 1912. First lien on 304 miles, Portland to Bangor, branches to Bath, Lewiston, Farmington, and Waterville. Legal for nine States.

Alabama and Vicksburg Railway first and second 5s, due April, 1921, a very low capitalization, controlled by Alabama, New Orleans, Texas and Pacific Junction Railway Company, forming a part of what is now the Queen and Crescent Route. Legal for five States.

Pittsburg, Newcastle and Lake Erie first 4s, due July, 1917. In the Baltimore and Ohio System.

Farm Mortgages

GETTING the man with money and the borrower together, here is the problem of farm-mortgage investment. Locally, it is not much of a problem. A lends \$2,000, through agent B, on the farm of C, which he knows to be worth \$5,000. All are residents of the same community. Agent B is merely an agent for the convenient transaction of the business. If, however, A lives in Columbus, Ohio, and C in Oklahoma, how is A to know that he may safely lend \$2,000 on C's farm? Agent B in that case becomes a highly important person—to him must be left the selection of the mortgage, the examination of the farm and title thereto. Whether A lends more than the farm is worth, or keeps the amount within conservative limits, is left to agent B's judgment and strict honesty.

Yet the average man has at hand a few safeguards. From a North Dakota dealer in land, who is also a successful lender on farm mortgages, the editor of this page has received the hints printed below:

"In North Dakota, and probably in other Western States, there is a Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, a part of whose duty it is to answer inquiries. He also prepares and sends out bulletins describing certain sections—these he forwards to com-

mercial clubs and organizations interested in spreading knowledge of the State. The Great Northern Railroad has a general immigration agent (E. C. Leedy, St. Paul) and a general industrial agent (Geo. F. Ryan, St. Paul). They issue booklets about States through which the Great Northern Railroad runs that are accurate and informing. These men also answer individual queries.

"Irrigated" land, until the water is actually on it, is worth nothing, either to own or to lend money on. Every Government reclamation project is in charge of an engineer who is familiar with every tract of land and its value. Under the Carey Act the State has an engineer to overlook the work of the privately developed projects, and he is charged with the duty of answering questions about it.

"As a rule, limit loans on farm land to a sum so small that some other lender will be tempted to pay it and take a big-

ger mortgage for himself. It is impossible to lend successfully on maps—one quarter section may be worth \$50 an acre and the one next to it \$5.

"One plan that might be worked by a body of investors from one section is to form a syndicate, put the money to be invested into the hands of an experienced man, and send him out to examine every piece of land on which it is proposed to lend money. It will always pay to spend money to get first-hand knowledge of land values in the section where you lend.

"Find out from county officials the assessed value of lands in the counties where your money is going—get population statistics, find out the rate of growth, and compare this with some section you know.

"And finally, and most important of all, make sure of the man who handles your loans."

Raising Money for Railroad Development

By WALKER D. HINES

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad

Enormous amounts of new capital are essential to the adequate development of railroad service in America. The Government does not guarantee a return on capital invested in railroads. To induce the putting of private capital into railroads, there must be assurance that railroad investments, present and prospective, will receive fair treatment and will be attractive as compared with other forms of investment.

IT IS not generally realized, even by railroad people, except those charged with the responsibility of raising the money to spend upon improvements in property, that the railroads in this country are, to a great extent, still unfinished. The Atchison, which is one of the best railroads in the West, requires still the expenditure of enormous sums of money for improvement. We think, for many years to come, the Atchison ought to spend on its existing properties \$20,000,000 per year, and this can only be done, in large part at least, by selling bonds or stocks.

Railroad investments must be sufficiently attractive to induce people voluntarily to put money into them instead of putting it in other investments, or railroad credit will be impaired.

Railroad credit must be preserved, and this must be done in the public interest, because if it is not preserved, if railroads can not raise these millions and hundreds of millions which are needed yearly for improvements, the public suffers. The public wants improved service, safer service, grade crossings eliminated, better cars, better lighted cars, more safety appliances, and an infinity of things, all of which are just and reasonable, but all of which cost a great deal of money.

This is a severely practical question. It is in many respects a complicated matter, and the public having chosen to manage railroad business to a large extent, the intelligent members of the public are charged with the responsibility of understanding these rather uninteresting details in order to exercise intelligently this control which they now have.

When it comes to issuing more bonds, railroads are generally confronted with this situation: The railroads have been built, and, in order to be built, money has had to be borrowed and secured by first mortgages on the railroads. Practically every railroad in the country is covered by first mortgage, many by second and third mortgages, so that it is impossible now to raise any considerable amount of money for the benefit of the railroads on mortgage bonds, because all the security has already been mortgaged. So when people cheerfully remark that railroads get all their money at 4 or 4½ per cent, they overlook the fact that, in order to get money at 4 or 4½ per cent, the railroads have to put up the necessary security, and

that the necessary security for such low-interest bonds is, as a rule, first mortgage bonds, and that first mortgage bonds no longer exist, generally speaking, for raising money in the future.

Railroads will have to get their money hereafter in other ways than by bonds secured by first mortgages on their property. That is a thing which confronts every railroad director who is charged with the responsibility of raising money. Then the question is: What other sort of security can the railroads offer which will be attractive enough to induce the public to invest? Practically the range is very limited. You can have equipment notes secured by your rolling-stock. That is an unsatisfactory form of raising money. You can not give a very long term obligation, and you have to pay off part of it every year, because equipment will wear out in a few years. This necessitates continual refinancing. Therefore that is not a practical solution and, moreover, does not go very far.



Walker D. Hines

Another way is by giving promissory notes not secured. That, of course, is an unsatisfactory way, because the notes must be for short terms—for only a few years—and must bear pretty high rates of interest, and involve frequent and expensive refinancing, as they mature so soon. So promissory notes are not desirable. Of course, some companies have to resort very largely to these expensive and unsatisfactory methods of financing. It would be of great advantage to the country if the railroads generally could get in a position where they could finance by the sale of stock or by the sale of bonds which are convertible into stock. These convertible bonds are not mortgage bonds, but can be exchanged for stock at the holder's option. The result is that the bonds are dependent on the stock for their attractiveness. To a very large extent in the future, financing must be done in ways like this which depend on the attractiveness of the stock, and this is in the public interest. In order for such methods of financing to succeed, dividends on the stock must be assured with a reasonable degree of certainty, and, in addition, there must be sufficient surplus over and above dividends to make investors satisfied that they can reasonably expect to get their dividends in years of depression, and, further, that the property can be kept up to date.

Southwestern Mortgages

A SPECIFIC experience of a Chicago investor in Texas farm mortgages is contained in this letter from a firm of successful dealers:

"Mr. F. H. M— has invested through us in farm mortgages, between the dates of June 1, 1898, and January 1, 1911, \$36,926 in mortgages averaging about \$600 each. These mortgages have paid Mr. M— 8 per cent net on the investment during the time they were outstanding. Of the total amount put out for this investor, \$18,796 of principal has been repaid, the balance is not yet due.

"Securing this \$36,926, Mr. M— has had sixty mortgages, covering 9,684 acres of land scattered over sixteen counties. Work this out, and you will find that covering every mortgage was an average of 161 acres—or one acre of cultivated land for every \$4 invested. Value of this land varies from \$10 to \$60 an acre—it represents a total valuation of \$124,094.

"What better investment could there be for the small investor? Competition has cut down the yield on these loans to 7 per cent on small sums and 6 per cent on large amounts. Yet, considering security, these returns are higher than the investor can hope to get on high-grade bonds or stocks."

New York Mortgages

FROM the circular of a company that is selling bonds secured by New York real estate, the following explanation of one possibility in mortgage trading is taken:

"The value of first mortgages on New York real estate is well known. It is not generally known, however, that such mortgages may be made to earn ten per cent or more without undue risk or extortionate charges to the borrower. This is the way it can be done:

"Under ordinary conditions, a borrower can secure money on first mortgage on New York City property at the rate of 4 per cent if he borrows 60 per cent of the fair value of his property. If he wishes to borrow 65 per cent, his money will cost him 4½ per cent, and if he borrows 70 per cent he has to pay 5 per cent interest. If this company loans on a piece of property worth \$100,000 the sum of \$70,000 at 5 per cent, it receives in interest \$3,500 per annum. Suppose it then assigns a senior or prior right in the mortgage of \$65,000 at 4½ per cent to a savings-bank, trust company, or other institution, paying \$2,925 interest per annum. This will leave it with an investment of only \$5,000, on which it retains \$575 from the interest received, or 11½ per cent on its investment."

Help to Home-Builders

A REAL public service is being undertaken by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company of New York City. This is an offer to small home owners to lend not more than \$10,000 at 5½ per cent for a ten-year term, with the privilege to the borrower of paying off the mortgage at any semiannual interest date. The plan is devised to encourage home building, and the company will require a small payment on the principal on each interest date. The total amount that must be paid on each \$1,000 every six months during the ten-year period has been fixed at \$32.50. For the first six months this pays the interest and \$5 on the principal. After that each payment meets the lessening interest charge and pays off a growing proportion of the principal. At the end of ten years a reduction of 13 per cent in the amount of the mortgage is made. Instead of \$1,000, the debt is \$869.02. Of course, the company expects the borrower to pay off the mortgage before the ten years are past—the peculiar virtue of the plan is the guarantee that the borrower will not be sold out within the ten years so long as he continues paying the very moderate sums stipulated in the contract.

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Chicago, U. S. A.

Help Yourself to this Typewriter Use it 10 Days Free

You will find real pleasure in typewriting your letters, notes, speeches, etc., on the "Wellington." It will save you time and double your writing efficiency. Endorsed by stores, railroads, and professional men everywhere. Over 80,000 in everyday use. The

Visible Wellington Typewriter is not a rebuilt machine. Comes to you direct from factory complete with carrying case, cleaning brushes, etc.

Does work as good as any \$100 machine. Much more simple, and incomparably more durable.

"Wellingtons" have been used 7 years without costing one cent for repairs. Machine has 28 keys, 84 characters, weighs 17 lbs., stands 5 inches high.

You can have a "Wellington" for 10-day free trial. Write to-day for particulars.

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How the Tax-Collector Pays You 6%

For \$600 or more you can buy bonds issued by Oklahoma City, Okla., whose City Treasurer will pay you 6% interest on your money every Sept. 15.

Security is a prior and underlying Tax Lien against central Oklahoma property and choice residence property. These bonds are a legal security in the State of Oklahoma City in the financial and commercial center of the State, entered by the railroads and their branches. The investor in these bonds has the security of taxes on property at only six-tenths of one per cent of its present value.

You can get bonds that come due any year 1919-1920 inclusive. Write for "Descriptive Circular" concerning legality, city conditions, etc. Our personal attention to every inquirer.

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Write Brooksville Board of Trade for BOOK OF FACTS, describing different kinds of Florida soil. We have no land to sell but want settlers and investors to develop richest district in Florida, according to State Dept. of Agriculture; not pine land, not sand, but high and rolling with rich dark soil and clay subsoil. No fertilizer, irrigation or drainage necessary. Raises 80 bu. corn per acre. Best for citrus groves, truck and staple crops. An industrious man, with \$500 to \$1000 capital, can be independent here. 200 ft. above sea; no swamps or marshes. Ideal climate, schools, churches, towns, good roads, all conveniences. Home seekers and investors please investigate. We need you and will help you.

BOARD OF TRADE, Box 262, Brooksville, Fla.
THE IDEAL WAY
J. P. GRAHAM, IDEAL TOURS, Pittsburg, Pa.

What Is News?

(Concluded from page 31)

The second newspaper published in America was the Boston "News-Letter" (April 24, 1704). It enlarged the news field. Its first number contained arrivals by sea, obituary notices, appointments, sermons, war news—but no advertisements, which constitute so large a part of the news of to-day. June 30, 1704, six persons were executed on Charles River just outside of Boston. The "News-Letter" reported the proceedings in full, and, after the manner of the yellow journals of to-day, gave up one-half of the paper to the tragic story.

To-day, whatever concerns the public welfare, whatever interests or instructs the individual in any of his relations, activities, opinions, properties, or personal conduct, is news.

Passing events, past events, coming events, are news. To paraphrase a well-known saying about politics: "History is the news of yesterday. The news of to-day will be history to-morrow." History has a different meaning since Macaulay, since Green, since McCarthy, since Parkman wrote. News has a wider scope with the death of every editor, for traditions die with men.

With every invention a news field opens and a broader meaning is given to the word and the service.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things," for they are news, glad tidings, and contain the gospel of a new journalism.

THE OMAHA DAILY NEWS
Omaha, Nebraska

By Joseph Polcar, Editor

THE editor is not the arbiter of what is and what is not news. A greater power than he determines—the demand of the thousands of people whom his paper serves. He and his newspaper exist only to supply that demand for public service.

Thereby falls flat the theory that an editor should or can educate his readers to the ideal of what is news as fixed by intellectuals. No man in an editorial chair is providentially empowered to determine the newspaper pabulum to be given to readers.

The public does not hesitate to show what it wants. If a newspaper fail to meet its demands, its subscribers leave it. A newspaper which thus succumbs to the so-called high ideals of its editor, or is "too good for the town," as is often said, dies no martyr's death. It is no longer an organ of public service, but merely a vehicle of its editor's propaganda and theories. The general opinion of a community of 1,000,000 people, or 100,000, or even 1,000 people, regarding what is news, is nearer right than that of the newspaper which dies in its pursuit of so-called high ideals.

The American newspaper prints to-day news of a higher and better class than it ever did—not because the newspaper educated the readers up, but because of the people's own development. The newspaper helped in the progress just as every individual helped. Society climbs higher gradually, and a newspaper improves only as the demand for the improvement grows with the evolution of the ideals of the people.

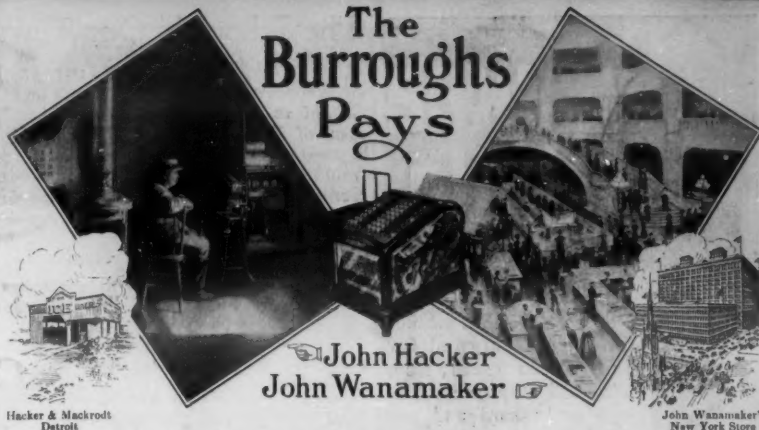
The newspaper, instead of being an arbiter of what is and what is not news, is simply a servant obeying the orders of its master—its readers.

However, there is imposed completely upon the newspaper the responsible duty of winnowing the true from the false.

Nor does a newspaper's duty consist solely in the mere chronicling of a fact truthfully. It must go behind that fact to find the cause. A newspaper would not have fulfilled its mission of public service, for example, if it had merely told its readers of the passage of the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Bill. It was forced to disclose also all the hidden influences behind that bill. A newspaper must not only print the truth, but must print the whole truth.

With truth as its guide, no newspaper need hesitate to print news of crime and vice as well as news of virtue and of good deeds. We used to cover up the filth in which consumption, typhoid, smallpox, and other diseases found their breeding-places. To-day we clean out the noxious holes and let the sunlight in, with tremendous benefit to the human race.

A true picture of crime and vice with their inevitable consequences will deter and warn far more of the weak than it will ensnare or influence to imitate a vicious example.



The Burroughs Pays

John Hacker
John Wanamaker

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Annually \$300,000 is spent on Burroughs Service. Open the way for learning more about it by writing on your letter head for "Why Don't You Go Home" (for the retailer), "Better Day's Work" (for everyone) or "Cost Keeping Short Cuts."

<p>PIKE MODEL One or two colors; visible printing; hand or electric operation; low, flexible keyboard; typewriter carriage. Foreign 1306-a, London, E. C., England, Roster 9236</p>	<p>BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO. 18 Burroughs Block Detroit, Michigan European Headquarters: 76 Cannon Street</p>	<p>BURROUGHS MODEL Hand or electric operation; prints in one or two colors; greatest variety of possible uses; 6 to 17 columns; tested by 19 years of actual use in 389 lines of business. 76 Models, 110,000 Users</p>
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by Walter Dill Scott

Director Psychological Laboratory, Northwestern University

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Light weight, yet with more than ample strength. Convenient in use, and easy in operation—by reason of the accuracy of the spiral cutting.

Moreover, friction is reduced to a minimum by ball bearings at the head of the tool where the pressure is applied to feed the drill.

Drills continuously on both forward and backward movement of the driver.

Clutch is of new design, with three jaws; is accurate, strong and dependable—won't get out of order. Takes any drill with straight shank $\frac{1}{8}$ in. diameter or less.

Length of tool, 16 inches; movement of driver, 8½ inches. Amateurs find No. 50 a mighty handy addition to the home tool set.

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Reciprocating Drill No. 50 Price, \$25.00

Drill-points are purchased separately—depending on the work required in wood, iron, steel, brass, etc.

TO THE DEALER. This ad. will send customers to your store for No. 50. Check up your stock and if out order from your jobber at once.

Write for free "Yankee" Tool Book, showing 66 different kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

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The School in Our Town

In Collier's of February 25 were printed the three prize-winning letters in The School in Our Town Contest. In the issue of March 4 we printed a letter from a subscriber in Honolulu, and here is another instalment of the letters which were held for possible printing, as announced in Collier's of February 11

An Aeroplane System

INSTITUTIONS, like individuals, have ancestry. Our school had its grandparents wherein the master rapped his desk—likewise perchance his pupils—and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic.

In those days men were dealing first-hand with physical pioneer problems; and they believed in the same rigorous discipline for the child which they themselves were experiencing.

Not so now. This is the day of the aeroplane. We hail it with deserved enthusiasm. The chances for going up are enhanced. But there is a menace in adjusting our educational system to the aeroplane form, and yet this is what we are doing. We circle around in spiral fashion—up, up, up! The school in our town has made a record for altitude. For instance: The system carries the child near addition; it touches lightly upon the combination of numbers and the multiplication table, then swings away and touches ever so lightly upon square measure; remains here for a moment, when, with an ascending flight, it lands the child before the problem of liquid measure. During these flights—they don't tarry long enough at any one point to call it a stop—faint glimpses of fractions appear at irregular intervals; these are casually pointed out in passing, with assurance of a nearer view later on.

This plan is pursued throughout the whole curriculum. The result is a confusion of processes with no grounding in principles—a blurred perspective without detail.

If, perchance, some children emerge really fitted to meet the requirements of life, it is in spite of rather than because of the system.

The school in our town has been a harbor for many fads; it has gotten too far away from the needs of life. To witness: Some good-intentioned people decided to beautify our school grounds—to make lawns out of the only available ground about the building.

Result One—Children "Keep off the grass."

Result Two—Three-cent fine imposed for each offense.

Result Three—"Please, teacher, may I have three runs for a nickel?"

Final Result—Figure it out on the basis of what a strong, healthy boy possessing all the animal spirits and vigor of his age will have; or, of what one lacking these necessary qualities for the making of citizens should have.

The school in our town is 'way up in the air; it needs a return to some of the rigorous training of our grandparents in the fundamental principles of education, for the present superficial glimmering of processes does not make a foundation either for knowledge or intellectual power. Principles are mastered only through drill, drill, and then more drill. The school in our town needs a modified, related-to-life schedule, and less red tape; better salaries for teachers and security against fads; it needs closer cooperation between home and school with more correlation between the activities of each and their relation to the life activities of modern industrial society for which the school in our town is the child's chief source of preparation.

MARY Y. LIGHTY.

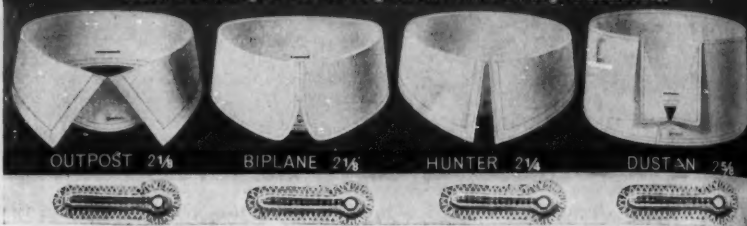
Our School System

IN these times of reformation in politics, when the people are trying to make their representatives responsible to them, and not to a political machine, it is strange this reform has not been extended to the school system of the small town. Granted city schools have made advances, the country schools are managed practically as they were fifty years ago.

The school board usually consists of six men and a president, elected not because they were especially well educated or even interested in education from having school children, but because "no one else would take it." It is an actual fact that out of six school boards taken at random only three members had a child in school.

Among the principals of high schools (who as a rule is also superintendent of the grammar schools), the man who is enough of a politician to control the school board is considered the greatest success.

There's a style for every man and every occasion.



Do Your Collars Keep Their Style and Fit?

— no matter how carefully or expensively one dresses—the entire scheme is perceptibly shattered by an ill-fitting collar —

The perfect fit and style so necessary cannot be had in collars with buttonholes that quickly stretch and rip out.

In

1/4 Sizes

Silver BRAND Collars

2 for 25¢

only will be found the easy-to-button LINOCORD button-holes that can't stretch and don't tear out.

In Canada 3 for 50c.

Our styles can be copied but not our buttonholes

Send for "What's What"—an encyclopedia of correct dress.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.,

493 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

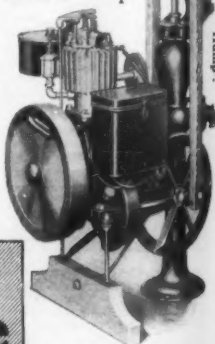


Every Silver Brand fold collar has slide-easy scarf space.

Winter Water Supply Problem Solved!

Little Engine Pumps Merrily in Zero Weather to the Tune of 400 to 1,000 Gallons per Hour

No "pump-handle exercise" or bother with broken-down or frozen-up windmills if you own a Farm Pump Engine. No need of tank heaters. Engine supplies worlds of water, fresh from the well, tempered just right for drinking. The little engine fits any force pump, without belts, arms, shafts, pump jacks, etc. Runs any water pressure system for suburban or country homes. It is simple, safe, easily portable and has over 100 uses in addition to pumping service.



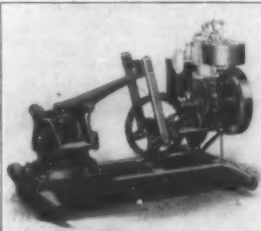
Patented in the United States, Canada and other foreign countries. Other patents applied for.

FULLER & JOHNSON Farm Pump Engine

In Case of FIRE the engine may be worth thousands of dollars, for it throws a 60-foot stream when attached to force pump with air chamber.

It's a "General Utility" Engine

The engine is a complete-in-itself Portable Power Plant, for running hand-power and foot-power machines. Easily moved anywhere. Runs lathe, grindstone, fanning mill, ice cream freezer, polishing wheels, scroll saw, dairy and laundry machinery. Fine thing for small workshops. A delight to "Boy Mechanics."



Engine Running Ditch Pump

Books Sent Free Right now is the time you need this wonderful engine most. It will almost pay for itself before the winter is over. Send for FREE catalog and name of dealer near you.

If interested in higher-powered engines write for catalog of Fuller & Johnson Double-Efficiency Engines.

We have an attractive dealer's proposition in unoccupied territory. Write us today.

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.

3 Carlton Street

(Established 1840)

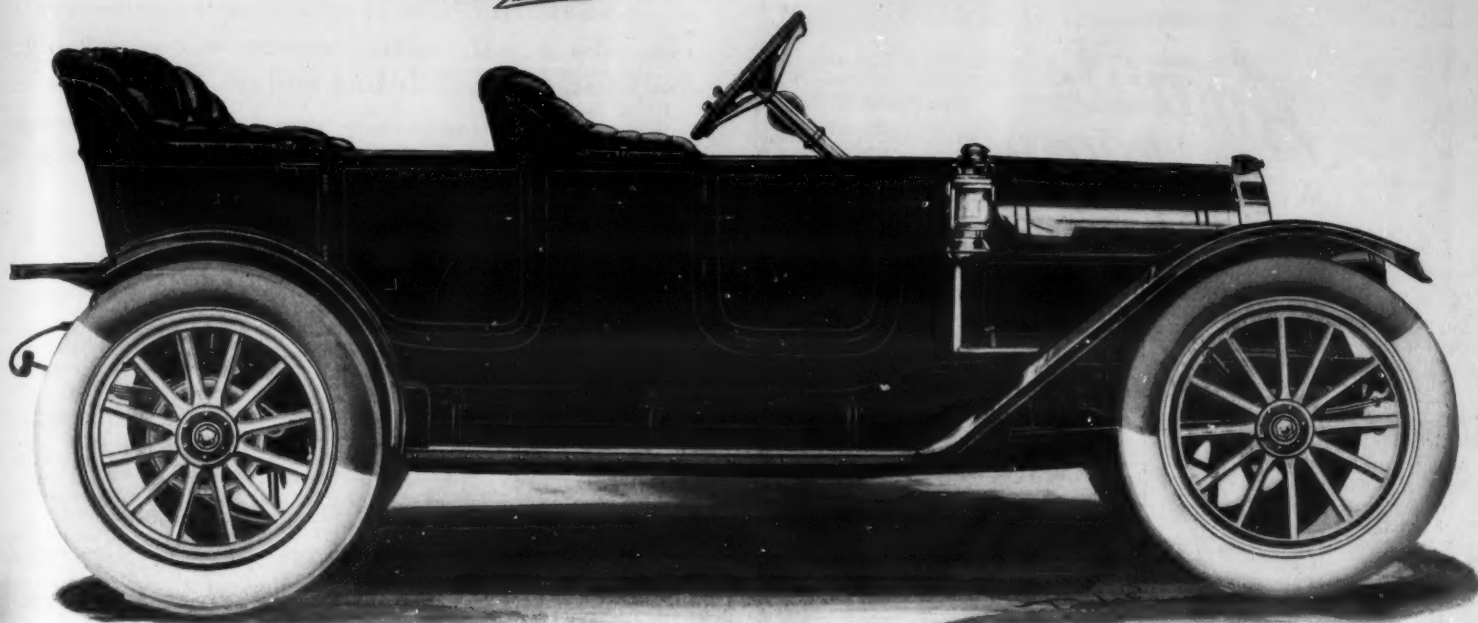
Madison, Wis.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

¶ No other manufacturer can produce the car described below, sell it at the price we ask, and make a profit. This is a fact which comparison will prove. Certain it is, that no maker gives as much for so little. 25,000 Overland owners know this from experience.

Overland

¶ The plants of the Willys-Overland Co., are the largest, most complete and best equipped. The Toledo plant alone covers over 30 acres. The five Overland chassis are absolutely standardized. No maker in the world works to closer limits in fineness of fit.



Model 52, With Fore Doors and Centre Control

A big, handsome car of masterful design. The four-cylinder, forty horsepower motor of this car is a marvel of efficiency, flexibility and quietness. 118-inch Wheelbase, \$1,600

¶ These headlines contain statements which, if true, mean *everything* to the buyer who wants the most a given amount will buy.

¶ If this advertisement will cause you to act—induce you to make an investigation of the claims we make for Overland Cars and compare them with others, it will have accomplished its mission.

¶ Make your comparison thoroughly, part by part. The more thorough your investigation,

selling at less than \$2,500. Compare the motor in Model 52 Overland with the best car you know selling at \$1,700, \$2,000 or \$2,500. Particularly compare this car with any of the so-called "30's" selling around \$1,500 to \$1,700.

¶ Compare the springs and riding qualities, the speed, the hill climbing ability, the wheelbase, the frame, transmission, brakes, rear system, size of wheels and axle, steering gear. Compare the finish, upholstery, the body design and workmanship. You'll find that Overland fore door models are designed and built as fore door models, not old bodies patched up to meet the prevailing style, with shifting lever and emergency brake outside and out of reach. See the detail cut to the left, showing Overland centre control, the approved practice in all up-to-the-minute, high-class cars.

¶ Consider, and bear this point in mind *always*, that the Overland is a *manufactured* car, every part and every piece made by us, after our own designs, by our own men, in our own plants.

¶ You'll find too, that the Overland is a thoroughly standardized car. Each operation on every part is made by an expert workman on that particular thing, by special machinery in a special "jig," from the best material.

¶ Each cylinder, gear, shaft, bearing, axle, frame, transmission, body, etc., etc., is *exactly* like the other in the same Overland chassis. No fitting, grinding or filing is necessary or permitted in the final assembly.

¶ On parts like cylinder pistons, cam shafts, etc., we work as close as one-half thousandth part of an inch. One one-thousandth part of an inch limit of tolerance is common practice in Overland construction.

¶ Unlimited facilities, enormous production of exact standardized duplicates, an ideal organization built up, controlled and directed by one man—John N. Willys—enables us to make the minimum price on the maximum of motor car efficiency.

¶ We could make them more extravagantly, but we cannot make them better.

¶ The production of Overland Cars for 1911 will be 20,000. We make *only* five chassis—22 body styles, with or without fore doors. No extra charge for fore doors.



Model 53, Same Chassis as 52
Two-passenger Body, \$1,600

¶ We have prepared a sheet of comparative data, tabulating specifications of Overland Cars with America's best in their class. Write for this sheet and our catalogue.

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND CO. 137
Toledo, Ohio
Please send me Catalogue and Comparative Data Sheet.

Name _____

Address _____

The Willys-Overland Co. 137 CENTRAL AVE.
TOLEDO, OHIO

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Amatite Roofing
on houses of D. M. Cook,
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Amatite ROOFING

When the Shingles Fail

Here are two houses which were originally covered with shingle roofs. Modern shingles are not made like old style shingles, but are of inferior wood on account of the increasing scarcity of lumber. Accordingly, shingle roofs gave trouble, and the owner investigated the whole subject of the roofing with the result that he found it cheaper to cover the whole roof with Amatite Roofing than to try to keep the old shingles in repair.

Amatite Roofing is so low in price, so easy to lay and so durable that it is by far the cheapest and most satisfactory answer to the problem of the leaky roof. With other roofings of the kind that require painting, this is not the case. To lay ordinary roofing over shingles and keep it painted would be just as expensive and troublesome as to keep on repairing the shingles. But Amatite Roofing re-

quires no painting. It has a mineral surface to take the wear and tear of the weather.

Amatite Roofing costs nothing to maintain; that is why the owner of these houses used Amatite. On these houses, the Amatite is laid right over the old shingles so there was no expense or trouble in ripping off the old roof.

Amatite, despite its mineral surface, comes in handy rolls like any other roofing and can be laid by any workman without previous experience.

Large headed nails and cement for the laps are supplied free of charge. Remember that Amatite costs less than ordinary roofing of equal wear and costs nothing whatever to maintain. It is rapidly displacing shingle roofs and painted roofings.

Booklet and sample free on request. Address our nearest office.

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New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, England
Canadian Offices: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B.



When the Salesman Hands You a Shoe

Satisfy Yourself that
it is a Goodyear Welt

This is the only way
by which you can be
sure of getting a shoe
equal in all respects to
one sewed by hand.

GOODYEAR WELT

is a synonym for Merit in Footwear

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

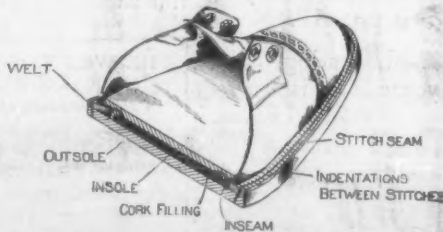
They are *Smooth Inside*; because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot. They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require, and can be bought at one-third the price.

Only good material can be used in shoes made on the rapid machines of the Goodyear Welt System.

The manufacturer or dealer who advertises that he makes or sells a Goodyear Welt thereby assures you that he offers a shoe possessing the first requisite of excellence.

Write today for the following booklets
which will be sent you without cost:

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark, made by the Goodyear Welt process.
2. Describes the Goodyear Welt process in detail, and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.
3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry Transformed." The True Story of a great American achievement.
4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated—descriptive of the great model factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.



UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CO., Boston, Mass.

He attends all their meetings, and nothing is discussed without his knowledge. All the board knows of school happenings comes from the principal. If there is any trouble at school, or dislike of his methods, the school board is the last to learn of it. The other teachers are completely under the control of the principal, subject more to his personal like or dislike than judged by the work they do. Her aim is to please the principal in order to retain her position, or secure a recommendation for the next. She is not represented at the board meetings, and without causing friction with the principal has no redress for grievances there. In democratic America this is a most autocratic school system, the power vested in one man, namely, the principal. He may be a conscientious, well-educated man, but so were some kings, and yet we do not believe in one-man control.

The ideal system of education would be a school board with a knowledge of educational affairs, and responsible to the people for a properly conducted school. If necessary, less money could be spent on school buildings and pay the Board of Education, demanding just as much efficiency from them as we do our Senators. To be a member of the board should not simply enable one to give their aunt, uncle, cousin, or wife a teaching position. Moreover, the board should become the court of appeal for both principal and teachers, so closely in touch with the school that they know for themselves all its affairs.

Improvement in school system will never be attained until parents take enough interest in the country schools to observe conditions and go about to remedy them. One has under present conditions too much sympathy for the teacher who, upon being told with asperity by the principal, "I have the board behind me," replied: "I should like most awfully well to apply it."

MARY JONES.

Vocational Training

IN RESPONSE to your invitation, I beg to suggest three ways in which our public schools might be changed to the great advantage of the American child.

First, the hours devoted to purely mental training are too long. When an eight-hour day is considered a proper working day for an adult, is not five hours of mental effort, close confinement in a poorly ventilated room—and most schoolrooms are insufficiently ventilated—with more or less nervous strain, too much for a growing child? Is not it a positive crime, when we are realizing how great a factor fresh air is in the cure of disease, to keep growing children shut up indoors for five of the best hours of the day? Moreover, this five hours does not include the time demanded by many schools for home study. With the knowledge of the twentieth century concerning fresh air and proper physical exercise open to him who will investigate, are not the schools at the very foundation of American nervousness? I believe that a morning session, say from 8.30 to 12, is sufficient time for mental training. One-third of the school day under the present system is wasted time, because no child has the power to be mentally alert for five hours. It is a hard task for an adult. As a result, we graduate pupils with little power of concentration and poor habits of application. Let us shorten the hours of mental effort, get greater concentration and better application, and lengthen the school period to nine years for the eight grammar school grades if necessary.

The second point in which we fail is in educating children for efficiency. When the nation was young, children learned to do things at home. All real education comes through experiences. No one really learns anything that is of value to him until he can apply it to some act or use it to express his own emotions. When the industries were taken from the home, the child's work and with his work his opportunities for responsibilities and experiences were taken away, and nothing has been supplied to take their place, so that the child grows into a less efficient citizen. For that reason the schools should supply the lack, for it can come through no other channel. Therefore, in order to make efficient citizens, we must have vocational training, not only because each child should be a skilled worker with his hands in some line, but because we must furnish that experience which builds character and dignifies labor. Let us devote an hour and a half a day to vocational training.

Third and last, but by no means least, there is the necessity for a sound body. Ten minutes a day for physical culture in a schoolroom! How unkind and blind we are! If we would grow great as a nation, we must conserve the energies and build the bodies of our children. Few reach their maximum mental power with weak bodies. Let us, then, devote the rest of the afternoon, say from three to five, to carefully directed play—gymnastic play—

following the directions of physicians after rigid physical examination, and thus scientifically building the body into a perfect machine. These three things—shorter hours for mental work with greater concentration and no home study; vocational training toward some definite end, and every day instead of once a week, as is the case in many cities; and directed gymnastic play—would, in my opinion (I have been teaching twenty years), tend to benefit us greatly as a nation.

ELLEN E. FOSTER,

Principal Foster Street School,
Evanston, Ill.

The Education of Aladdin

ALADDIN, a second-hand lamp dealer of Springfield, is my chum. We grew up in the same schools here. We were nineties yesterday.

"Do you remember," I asked, "the third grade of the ward school, when the city superintendent came? He drew a map of all the streets between the school and the post-office, while we shouted the names of them. He told us in a simple way about civil-service reform, which was the insurmountable of that time."

"I remember," said Aladdin. "And, speaking of post-offices, I remember a girl next to me—I will call Saki—breaking my jack-knife and cutting her fingers trying to hack a slot in an empty tin marshmallow box. She was going to hang it by her desk to receive notes. You see, we used to write goo-goo remarks to each other about every Monday and Wednesday. The rest of the time we would make faces. She frankly welcomed epistles from any boy who sat near. She hung up the box, despite her wounds. There was a crimson smear on the encircling pink ribbon. The box was half full from all sources, the lady even putting in a few letters to herself, when the tin made such a clatter the teacher was compelled to take cognizance. She confiscated the mail. But the soul of Saki could not be confiscated. She is to-day chief dancer in a comic-opera troupe."

"Which reminds me," continued Aladdin, "of St. Valentine's Day, and a much more important person—Nourmahal we will call her. She seldom recited well, but was the teacher's pet. She cried easily, and pouted. Yet, with her languid head on one side, her affected, sugary, drawing speech, her unsophisticated grace, she was somehow the queen bee of our little democratic hive. All had a pride in her. No one claimed her in especial. It would not please her to write notes. Once a year we all sent her valentines. Wherever the sound of her voice was heard there was a children's dressed-up party, even when she recited the multiplication table. Once she brought a white mouse to school in her sleeve. She wanted to be awfully bold and spoiled, that day. Yet no one made a fuss. She was a still, white mouse herself, carried in the sheltering sleeve of Allah."

"A few days before St. Valentine's Day two of the boys dared me to kiss Nourmahal. I thoughtlessly agreed to do it, if they would catch her. She and her maids of honor, with arms entwined, were half a block in front. To my astonishment, the boys made for her."

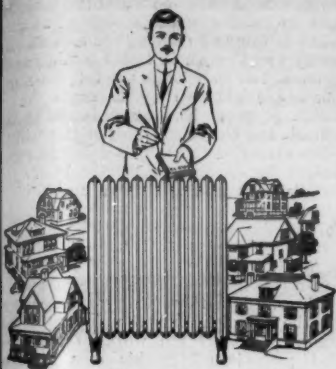
"Now we ran past that group of girls every day. Why did they screech and scatter this time? When my minions reached the darling she was deserted and helpless. Feeling like a pirate, I coldly kissed her tearful chin. How did she know what was going to happen, and get all those tears ready? She went home almost in convulsions in the arms of her guard, who had rallied, and were spitting at us like wild-cats."

"Her brother kicked me the next day. The teacher took me out in the hall and hit me with a ruler. She was speechless with wrath, because, anticipating the worst, and deciding to be a real devil, I had left a note on her desk early in the day, telling her I would make love to her, too, if I only had the chance."

"Early St. Valentine's morning Nourmahal's desk was full to the lid, and not a comic among them. I saw a red-headed boy roof the pile with a lacy marvel, big as the desk lid. He sneaked away, while Nourmahal watched with lazy eyes from afar. That was his sufficient reward—to have those lazy eyes watch him, a moment, from afar. Nourmahal would not look at me, under any circumstances. I wished I had been good, so I could put in a valentine. But mark the ways of girl children. Nourmahal sent me a valentine by mail. It cost her only a penny, but was quite a penny's worth. Her initials were inscribed in approved fashion, under the embossed picture of Cupid. One had to lift him up and almost break off his feet to find the writing."

"I felt it was a forgery until that night I sat in Nourmahal's chair at a kissing party, to which we had both been invited. I thought, of course, she had not called for me. But I was wrong. She bent over and

Well heated



Ask the man behind the real estate proposition: "How is it heated?"

You will find thousands of different kinds and sizes of houses offered for rent or sale, but there is only one kind of true heating comfort which will fit any house or building and make it a delightful place to live in and work in. That way is with

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Every real estate agent, every large property owner, will tell you that the one convincing recommendation for any building is, that it contains an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators.

Just as you see our advertisements everywhere, so you'll find these heating outfits being put in everywhere. We are building more and larger factories, for we know that with the great and lasting satisfaction and economies our outfits are giving (more than in the case of any other article entering into buildings or their furnishings) we shall receive a rapidly increasing volume of orders for IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. The high reputation that our heating outfits and our name now enjoys means that we must and shall stand back of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators and guarantee them to the full.

If you have a building to erect, to sell, or to rent, you'll find it a clinching argument to say: "It's heated with an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators." It means that the tenant will be glad to pay you 10% to 15% more rent because of the comfort, health protection, convenience, cleanliness and fuel economy he will experience, or in selling, you get back the full price paid for the outfit, which does not rust out or wear out.



A No. 2118 IDEAL Boiler and 461 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$135, were used to heat this cottage.
A No. A-241 IDEAL Boiler and 461 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$215, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

No tearing up necessary—now quickly put into any building—old or new—farm or city. Ask for our book, "Heating Investments" puts you under no obligation to buy. Write, please or call to-day.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Showrooms in all large cities
Write to Dept. 31 CHICAGO

gave me the kiss of forgiveness, amid shrieks of applause from those very girls who had been crying 'Shame, shame!' at me in school the day before. They took special pains to inform me Nourmahal had sent but one valentine that year—a penny one.

"It was a penny one, indeed, for two days later the gentle Nourmahal slapped my face and stepped on my toes. We drifted apart after that."

"Your favorite poet," I said, "is probably Thomas Moore. Do you remember his confession:

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they taught me?"

"Not so," said Aladdin. "Not so. It was two grades later that my soul was born, all because of a child-woman. I will call her Princess Badroulboudour."

"About a month after school started, with six others she walked into the school-room with a full set of clean new books under her arm. These children she led had all skipped a grade with her because of extra brilliancy. Skipping was much less common in those days. As she appeared then so she remained always. Her complexion was alabaster, her cheeks a Venus-rose, her smile rose-and-ivory. How my ribs turned to ice, as she was assigned a seat immediately behind me! Then, as always, I spent half an hour summoning courage to look around. I doubt if she ever realized that I was in the world, she was so busy about her affairs. Boys scarcely spoke to her; and as to mingling her name with the teasing, flirting school gossip, or sending her an avalanche of valentines, they would have thought it preposterous. Yet I took no heed of this plain social fact and wrote notes frantically to another girl, and printed that lady's initials all through my books so they would not tease me about the real divinity."

"She always had her lessons, and—as long as she was with us—so did I. When it came to spelling matches, we beat the room, and then with Spartan rigidity I spelled her down. Two prizes were offered for essays—one for the girls, one for the boys. We won those prizes. Often our marks were so much alike we both ranked first. We were prigs in extremis."

"Yet—what is scholarship? It is to study in the spirit in which I studied then. What is education? It is to lead the soul to aspire to simple goodness, as I aspired at that time."

"Arithmetic became a pleasure, grammar a beloved science. And now I remember a poem concerning Little Bell we used to parse and conjugate. Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks, tossed aside her gleaming golden locks and begged the musical blackbird to sing his sweetest song:

"Low and soft, oh, very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft."

The song of that humble bird, extolling the virgin dignity of a perfect girl-woman, filled my heart as completely as spring water fills a cup.

"She never trifled or sniffed or made faces. She was, in fact, a rosy, radiant New England Brahman, unconsciously out of place in raw Illinois. She had been reading 'St. Nicholas' and Miss Alcott's books while we had been sending valentines and going to kissing parties, and disobeying our teachers, and chewing gum and playing baseball, and breaking the glass in street lamps, and doing all other sinful things."

"The year following, when we returned to school, Badroulboudour and I were assigned seats next each other as of old. How did that new teacher read my soul? Badroulboudour stayed just long enough for me to win another prize, then was taken out, and put under private tutors."

"I relapsed immediately into an ordinary citizen; learned again to swear a bit, and quit writing love notes to lady number two. Henceforth my ward-school life was so commonplace I remember nothing in especial except graduation two years later. Badroulboudour attended, for the girls were her chums yet. So terrible was the lightning of her white forehead that I could only bow speechless and trembling. It was the last time I ever saw her."

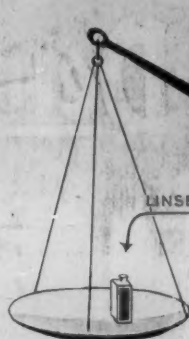
"Is she dead?" I asked Aladdin, reverently.

"Why, no. She is supposed to be somewhere back in Massachusetts, but I am not going to look her up. She was never actually alive. She was only a child's vision of perfect childhood. You do not need to call her Badroulboudour. You can call her Santa Claus's daughter. . . . Her forehead and her throat were like new snow."

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.
Springfield, Ill.

A

Favorable Time to Paint



SOME people seem to think that because linseed oil is high in price the cost of painting must be proportionately high. This is not so. Linseed oil is only a small item in a painting job. Labor makes up two-thirds. Then there are the other materials. The cost, therefore, of painting this spring with

"Dutch Boy Painter" Pure White Lead

and linseed oil will be only a trifle more than when linseed oil sold at 50 cents. Four or five dollars will cover the entire increase in the cost of painting the average house—surely not enough to justify letting any kind of house suffer from lack of paint.

Do not use poor material because you think good paint is too high. Get from your dealer the cost of the following ingredients:

100 lbs. "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead	\$....
4 gallons pure linseed oil
1 gallon turpentine
1 pint turpentine drier
This makes 8 gallons genuine old-fashioned paint

Our white lead is sold in sealed packages containing 12½, 25, 50 and 100 pounds, net weight, of white lead, exclusive of the package. Our guaranty is on every keg.

OUR FREE PAINTING HELPS

We will send you, on request, color schemes, miscellaneous painting directions, and names of "Blue List" Painters in your community, who use "Dutch Boy Painter" pure white lead. Ask for "Helps No. 354."

TO PAINTERS: If you use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead, ask for our "Painter's Blue List No. 354." It gives particulars.

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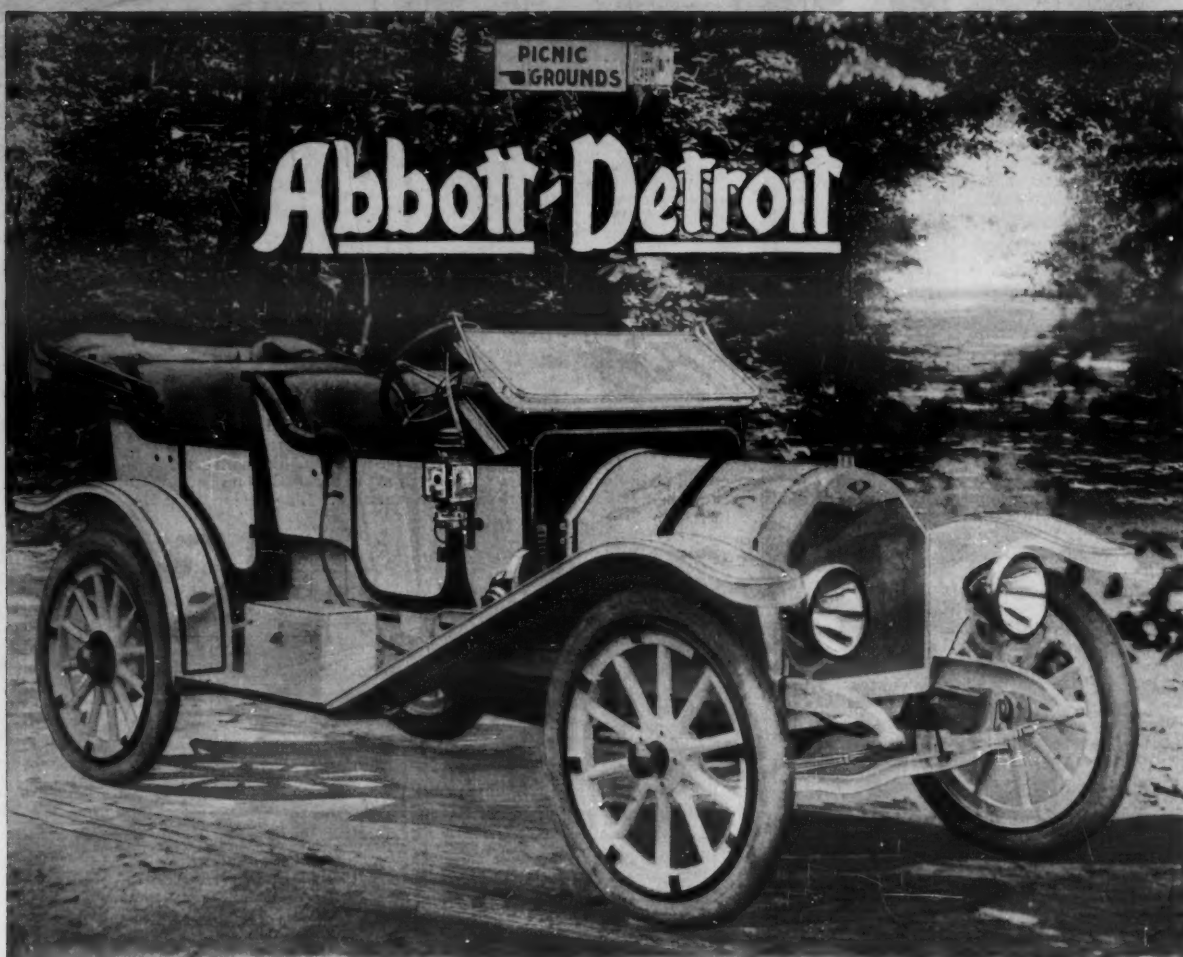
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Your confining and hard work this winter has earned you the right to get out and enjoy the good things nature brings in the way of sunshine, balmy spring days, fresh air and verdant fields.

Of all gifts, fresh air and sunshine are the greatest.

Of all sensations, the one of being carried swiftly, silently and surely thru the scenes of such gifts is the finest.

Make your spring and summer full and round—fill this season of your life with joy and happiness.

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A charming ride in a perfectly balanced, luxuriously finished, roomy and powerful motor car, adds the flush which creates a perfect day.

In the automobile market of today we believe that the Abbott-Detroit has not a peer under three thousand dollars.

We make this statement—you will confirm it when you start to make comparisons.

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Touring Car \$1500.00; Fore-Door Touring Car \$1550.00
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ABBOTT MOTOR CO., 118 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Michigan



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NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S., without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent. **LOW FACTORY PRICES**—We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offer.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

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TIRES, COASTER BRAKE—new wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

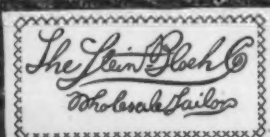
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Mills Novelty Co., Mills Bldg., Chicago, Dept. 7.

Back to the Greek Ideal

IF YOU were a boy eighteen years old, Mr. Editor, which would you consider the more desirable accomplishment, the ability to conjugate a Greek verb, or to swim a mile in rough water? Most people can do neither of these stunts, but one of them is taught in the public schools. How many years' work in Latin would you consider a fair compensation for the ruin of one's eyesight? If your boy's work in Latin is poor, he may be expelled from school, but the school authorities will pay little attention to his eyes doing poor work, unless he becomes partially blind. The child's diet and digestion are negligible quantities in his school record, but let him fail to digest the Binomial Theorem, and see what the result will be! The condition of his nervous system is of little significance to his teachers, but he must be well versed in the details of the anatomy of the crayfish and the frog. He may borrow or steal the work of his fellows and pass it off as his own for many years in school without receiving more than a mild reprimand if detected. Is it strange that he shows the same weakness in later life?

Often the boy is not so much to blame in this as his teachers, who are not always ideal in disposition and conduct in the schoolroom. Which kind of teacher would you prefer for your children—an anemic dyspeptic, neurasthenic bookworm with a rating of 90 per cent in the Science (?) of Education, and 95 per cent in her special subject, or a hale and hearty, sympathetic normal person with a scholastic average of 70 per cent? Of course, you have no choice in this matter, as the latter kind of teacher could never be appointed so long as there were any of the former kind left on the eligible list.

To make a long story short, Mr. Editor, our so-called system of public education is one of the greatest travesties ever perpetrated among intelligent people. There was a time once, in pagan Athens, when a sound and well-developed body, a steady and powerful heart, well-adjusted nerves, and a high regard for honor and reputation were considered of prime importance in a boy's equipment for successful manhood. Art, music, and a general love of the beautiful were taught with no slight degree of success, and these, with physical training, were the principal features in the general education of the young. When Athens and her influence were overcome, these ideals were lost and have never been fully re-established.

The revival of schools and learning after the Middle Ages occurred in an environment which restricted the course of study to subjects of technical value to the scholar or man of leisure. This was gradually expanded to an extent sufficient for preparation for the learned professions.

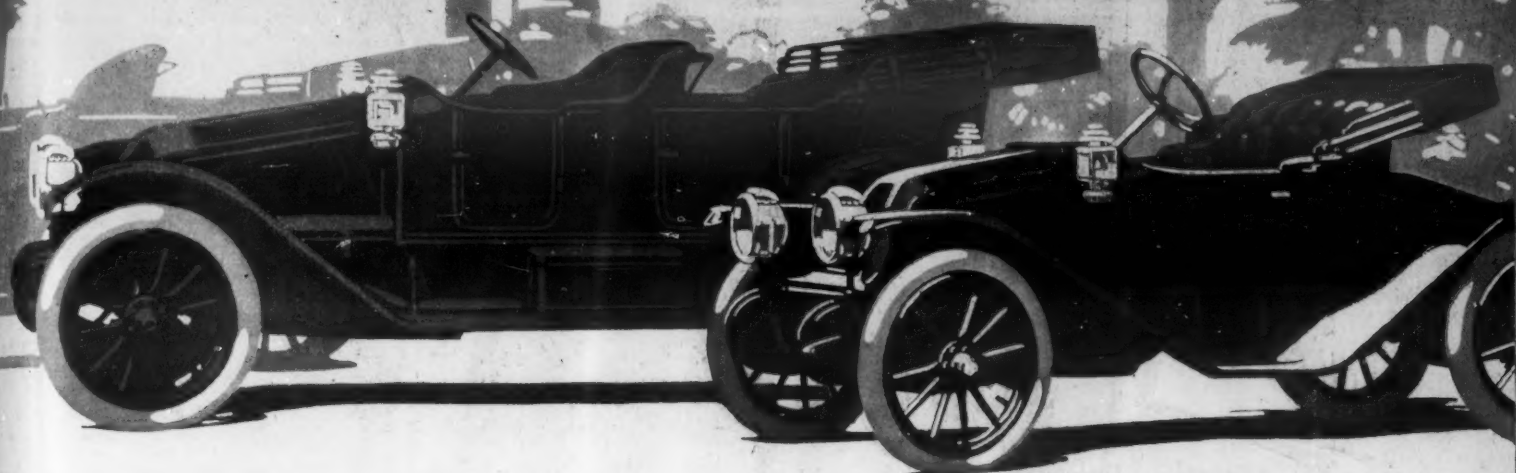
When the dawn of modern public education came, this technical professional curriculum was adopted with slight modifications as the public-school course, for which it is radically wrong.

At last, however, there seems to be a very rapidly spreading conviction that the course of study suitable for the medieval scholars and professional men is not exactly the proper pabulum for children in the public schools to-day. A few of us are optimistic enough to believe that we shall eventually come back to the ancient Greek ideal of education, recognizing the fact that the physical side needs training first, the moral and ethical next, and the purely intellectual last and least of all. First we must train the child in matters pertaining to himself primarily, in the proper use, care, and development of the marvelous human mechanism of which he is in charge; next we should instruct him concerning his relations with his comrades, beginning with his daily associations at home and in school, and gradually reaching the more complex civic and political responsibilities he must later assume; finally we should direct his mental activities along some particular line leading to his future career, continuing at the same time sufficient physical and ethical training to produce in the end a man with intellectual, moral, and physical powers evenly and fully developed.

This, then, is the real province of the public school, to bring the child up to and well through the period of adolescence with his physical powers and moral qualities as perfectly developed as possible. A small amount of reading, writing, arithmetic, and nature study would necessarily accompany this early training, but the great mass of special and abstract subjects now forced indiscriminately on all children should be reserved for the period of later technical training, the place to which the history of man's evolution would naturally assign them.

CLYDE RAYMOND JEFFORDS.
Jamaica, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1910.

Franklin



"Never again for a water-cooled car; Franklin air cooling is best."

—Hiram Percy Maxim.

Here is an engineer of world wide fame, the inventor of the Maxim Gun Silencer, for years the designer of a prominent water-cooled car.

He gives up water cooling and adopts the Franklin because it gives service that no water-cooled car can give. He says:

"I tried out a Franklin for a year, put it through all sorts of stunts and was firmly convinced that air cooling was best.

"During one of the hottest days in summer I drove it 150 miles. If it was ever going to get hot it was right then. Far from it. It performed as steady as a top and took one of the worst hills in the country, on high gear.

"The Franklin air-cooled motor is quick in response to the throttle. The greatest efficiency is attained because the motor is uniformly warm.

"Another thing—with the air-cooled automobile there is a reduction in the weight of the car. Light weight means a saving on tires. This is one of the strong points of air-cooled machines.

"All makers will some day come to the air-cooled way of thinking. There are the best of reasons for the change."

Designers of water-cooled cars admit that water circulating systems give trouble. Radiators, no matter how well designed, are delicate things. With an air-cooled automobile the radiator, water pump and piping are eliminated.

Two "sixes" and two "fours" make up the Franklin line. Prices range from \$4500 for the luxurious six-cylinder, seven-passenger, forty-eight-horsepower Model H to \$1950 for the ever popular four-cylinder Model G, the most favorably known small car built.

Write for the booklet "Hiram Percy Maxim Air-Cooled Convert". It is an intensely interesting interview with Mr. Maxim, given out in his home city and reprinted from Hartford Daily Times, December 31, 1910.

If you are interested in motor car construction we want to send you our catalogue. Will you favor us with your mailing address?

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